

COUNTRY LIFE

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VAL L'ESTRANGE

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135, Sloane Street, S.W.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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LESSONS TO SMALL HOLDERS.

MR. RUNCIMAN'S Committee appointed to look into the question of building cottages and outhouses for small holders is to be congratulated on the issue of a valuable and common-sense Report. Those engaged in the investigation are persons with whose work the public is familiar. The Chairman, Mr. Christopher Turnor, is a landowner who takes an especially keen interest in the Small Holdings Movement. Of course, it is very necessary, in considering such a Report as this, to keep well in view the fact that it is meant for a special class—a class slightly above that of the agricultural labourer. In the case of the latter, the problem is not what accommodation he wants, but how to supply him with a sufficiency of cottages and arrange the rent so that it will not be too great a burden on his shoulders. Under certain circumstances he may, and often does, sit rent free without coming under obligation to anyone. Again, the small holder is not in the position of the village tradesmen—the tailor, butcher, baker and wheelwright—whose demand for houses is simply that of the industrial population throughout England. He is a man with special wants. His numbers are being vastly increased, and it is desirable for the sake of the country not only

that he should be housed, but housed in cottages that will form no eyesore on the country-side; and that raises a point that will strike many readers.

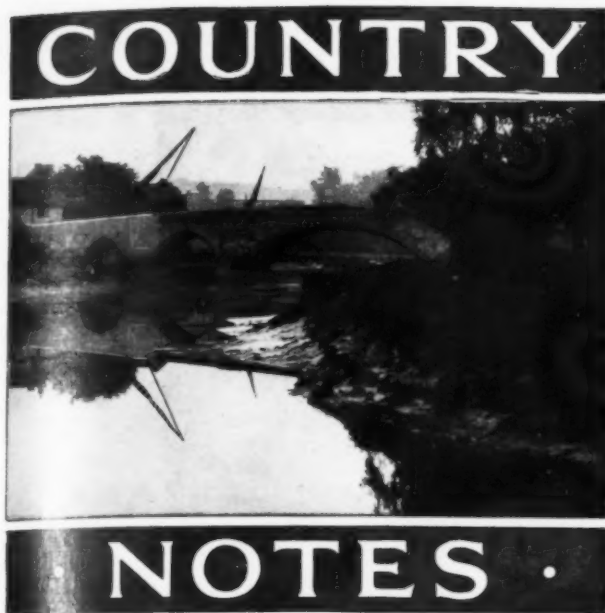
It will be seen from the summary of the Report which we print in another part of the paper that the sentiments expressed are most laudable and excellent. The writer of the Report holds forth in the most admirable terms on the advantage of preserving the attractiveness and amenity of the country-side; but when we come to look at the designs at the end of the Report, which presumably have received the approbation of the Committee, we are at once struck with the contrast between the soothing eloquence of the writing and the ugliness of the cottage plans. As far as we can form a judgment, there is not one which comes up to the standard of appearance laid down in the Report. We hope that after they have been built and sufficient time has passed to enable Nature to soften some asperities and cover others with her greenery, these cottages will look better than they do on paper. Our impression at present is that much skill and practical knowledge has been brought to bear on the planning of the cottages, but that there has been a decided lack of taste in their construction. Half a loaf, however, is better than no bread, and a great deal has been gained when we have in this excellent volume a clear exposition of the principles that should guide the builders of homes for the new small holders. It is worth noting that they really hold out the prospect of becoming homes. The agricultural labourer, under present conditions, is far better advised to regard his dwelling as a temporary one. He will never surmount the difficulty of low wages until he is ready to pack up his traps at the end of a year's engagement and leave one service for another. But the small holder is placed in a much more advantageous position. For him the question of wages has no longer a direct interest. He on entering on the cultivation of his few acres has presumably made up his mind to live on what he can earn. He is well aware that it will take time to establish him in his new calling. It is impossible for him to form his customers, whether he produces mixed farm crops or dairy produce, to get his ground into good heart, and to master all the little devices which experience can teach, in a year or two.

Fortunately for himself, he has, practically speaking, tenure in perpetuity as long as he fulfils his obligations as a tenant and as a citizen. We have no great belief in the substitution of a municipal body for a landlord, but it would be very unfair to say that the tenants of a county or other council are likely to be capriciously dismissed. These are considerations of very great moment when a home comes to be built. The more durable it is the more benefit is he likely to derive from it. He is not one who is here to-day and gone to-morrow, but may build for the future. The Committee have not been neglectful of that consideration, although they do not very strongly emphasise it. From what the Commissioners say, we gather that the small holder does not at first realise the change in his position. Previously we may assume him to have been a tenant and to possess the mental attitude of a tenant; that is to say, whatever he could get by squeezing and worrying his landlord meant so much money or money's worth in his pocket. When he comes into a small holding this point of view is changed altogether. He is rather in the position of one to whom the county council says, "You may have whatever you like," on what is to him the novel condition that it is paid for. A tale is told in the Report of a number of small holders who, because they could borrow five hundred pounds, did borrow the whole amount, where much less would probably have sufficed them if they had realised that borrowing always carries with it an increased burden of payment and a liability to refund. It is very good that the men should be impressed with this feeling, because it is by far the most independent one. Labour on a small holding is freed from the economic complications which lie around it in industrialism. If the returns are small there is no employer to blame, nobody to go on strike against; if they are large they are not swallowed up either.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR portrait illustration is of Lady Arthur Hay, the daughter of the late Mr. Ambrose Ralli. Lady Arthur Hay married Lord Arthur Hay in 1911.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



THERE is in the Blue Book on Buildings for Small Holdings, dealt with on another page, a minor recommendation which is well worth attention, although scarcely germane to the principal matter in hand. The Report, after referring to the great drawback of buildings put up by cottagers, "that they are apt to be very unsightly and to disfigure the locality if erected in considerable numbers," goes on: "We are convinced that this is quite unnecessary; in Sweden, even allotment holders contrive to put up, and to keep in excellent order, little toolhouses and summer-houses which constitute a pleasing feature in the landscape. It is to be desired that so excellent an example might be followed in this country; and so far as county council tenants are concerned, the county agents might do much by way of suggestion and advice." Everybody who has an eye will recognise the force of this remark. Where allotments have been created, the wooden sheds put up by the occupiers soon begin to give them an appearance of squalor.

The reason, of course, is that the allotment holder is forced to take advantage of any material that will suit his purpose and that he can get cheaply—packing-cases and old boxes, for example. He is strictly utilitarian in his objects. What he wants is a shed to contain his tools, seeds, etc., and in which he can take shelter in a storm or enjoy a smoke after a spell of hard work in cold weather. He does not consider the total effect. Yet if one looks at the neat and careful way in which he lays out his onion and his celery beds, his cabbage and his potato patches, one will not refuse to grant him a certain amount of taste. Probably, therefore, if the advice contained in the Report were acted upon and county councils paid a little attention to the matter, it might be possible to make the allotment sheds as agreeable to the eye as are the allotment crops. Voluntary effort might do something by offering an inducement in the way of a prize for the neatest shed. If they got a really good one, it would be certain to be copied.

Our readers will be interested to find in another part of to-day's issue a careful account of the progress made by Mr. Paynter in his poultry demonstration in Cheshire. The writer of it, Major Falkner, has every claim to be called a specialist. He has not, like Mr. Paynter, devoted himself to fattening chickens, but there is no one who has mastered more completely the modern theory and practice of producing eggs; in other words, he understands the fowl and its management, which is the main thing. It is too early yet to pass a final judgment upon the economical result, because obviously the experiment must be completed before the total expenses can be placed on one side and the total income on the other, so as to arrive at a true balance of profit and loss; but Major Falkner is very favourably impressed with what he saw, and is of opinion that the way is being opened up for the promotion of a lucrative industry for small holders. Behind that there is a greater benefit, namely, the popularisation of the chicken as an article of diet. It forms one of the most digestible foods, and we hope that a time is coming when on the tables even of the poor it will cease to be merely an occasional luxury.

There were rare doings last Friday at the annual point-to-point steeplechases jointly promoted by the Border, North Tyne and Liddesdale Hunts, which took place over country lying between Shitlington Hall and Shitlington Crags. Northumberland has the very good fortune to have for its High Sheriff this year a stout Borderer in the person of Howard Pease, antiquarian, novelist and owner of the historical and romantic Otterburn Tower. To celebrate his accession, a new item was included in the programme, namely, a race which closely resembled a modern edition of the forays for which the district is famous. The said district, be it remembered, lies close against the ancient Chevy Chase, and is within riding distance of Liddesdale, renowned in Border story. Those who are familiar with the lore of the Marches would have been delighted to see once again Robsons of North Tyne riding neck to neck against Elliots of Liddesdale.

The sight turned imagination backward to recall an ancient foray when the Robsons "ran" into Liddesdale to "learn them that the next time gentlemen came to take their sheep they were not to be scabbit." Again, as one noted the High Sheriff of Northumberland just beaten at the winning-post by a Scots Borderer, it was enough to make one recall the past and think of a Lord Warden of the Marches pursuing a moss-trooper in the "hot trod." The race was won in splendid style by Jack Robson, who, dismounting at a gallop, ran with his horse through the hundred yards of "debatable land" leaning his hand on the saddle's pommel, and then vaulted on again without any delay whatever. Honours may be said to have been equally divided, because though the first two in were Englishmen, the Scots won by two points—forty to thirty-eight. By a curious coincidence, the meet of the Border Hounds next day was at Hesleyside, the ancient seat of the Charltons, and they had a very stiff moorland run. The fox, as if he had entered into the spirit of the occasion, took the same course as the point-to-point of the previous day, so that English Borderers and Scottish Borderers once more rode amicably together. Later on in the same afternoon there was a hockey match between an Otterburn team, captained by Howard Pease, and one from Bellingham, captained by Tom Robson, in which the final score was three goals each. So through the years in this romantic district is the old Border spirit of love of horses and of games kept up.

DREAMS.

The reeds sing of despair
Because they are not fair,
But barren, bare . . .
Dry reeds beside the river!

The rose just blossoming
Would give in deep content,
Her beauty, colour, scent,
Only to sing
Like dry reeds by the river.

ISABEL BUTCHART

If the violent gales which this year have characterised April do nothing else, they have at least brought out in splendid relief the progress that has been made in aviation. To the spectator it is purely an amazement. No longer than a year ago the flying-man was very loth to set out except in highly-favourable weather; but the other day at Hendon, immediately after a gale such as has been blowing over the whole extent of England, a young pilot instructor took up a small Deperdussin monoplane propelled by a little 30 h.p. engine. Measured by the anemometer at the Hendon Aerodrome, the wind at the time was blowing at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, which meant fifty-five miles an hour higher up. Yet into this storm the young aviator dashed fearlessly. Probably, if it had been possible to gaze down on him from some point nearer the stars, the aeroplane would have looked like some frail ship tossed about on the waves of the sea; yet he weathered the storm, rose to a great height, and then, with the wind at his back, flew to Brooklands. That he arrived safely the spectators heard with relief, and the fact increased their admiration, if that were possible, for this notable exhibition of skill and nerve.

That the new Tariff Bill of the United States, if carried through, will greatly affect industry in Europe seems inevitable. But its promoters naturally look primarily to their own interests,

and the statement explaining it is closely in accord with President Woodrow Wilson's expression of his views and aims. We are told in this official explanation that the idea was to revise the tariff so as to stop its interference with legitimate competition and "bring relief to the people in the matter of the high cost of living, and at the same time work no detriment to properly-conducted manufacturing interests." The President's doctrine is concentrated in that clause. He has declared that one of the first tasks devolving upon American statesmen is to get rid of Trusts, and, incidentally, if that were accomplished, the food of the people would be lowered from its present extravagant price. The weapon by which these two objects are to be gained is foreign competition, and to induce foreign competition there are some remarkable reductions of the tariff, as, for example, on yarns from 79 to 20 per cent., blankets from 72 to 25, flannels from 93 to 25 and 35, dress goods from 99 to 35, clothing from 79 to 35, webbings, etc., from 82 to 35, and carpets from rates ranging from 60 to 82 to rates ranging from 20 to 23. This is by no means free trade; but it is a bold and statesmanlike attempt to remodel a tariff that was far too high.

Even the most ardent angler is ready, as a rule, to acknowledge that in the main it is more important that roads should be kept in good condition, even by the application of tarring, than that his sport should be preserved for him. If utility requires it, it appears that the trout, which are a luxury, must go. There is, however, another side to the question which seems to be generally overlooked, and that is the actual utility of the trout in raising the rentable, and therewith also the rateable, value of parts of certain rivers. It is an item which certainly ought not to be left out of the account. The Tyne Conservancy Board is credited with the statement that the fish, especially the salmon, in that river taste strongly of tar and smell strongly of petrol. Of course, the alleged taste and odour are ascribed to washings from the tarred roads finding their way into the streams. Clearly this must always be a case for compromise, and where the fishing interests are of real value, it is not always the wisest way to risk sacrificing them in the interests of those who use the road or even of a few who live beside it.

The season that is just ending, so far as English visitors are concerned, at Monte Carlo is worthy of some note as being the jubilee of the establishment of the gambling which has given this most beautiful of the many beautiful places on the Riviera its world-wide notoriety. Of course, a very great deal of its unique fame is due to the fact that while the Governments of other European countries have laid restrictions on the mode of gambling within their domains, this little principality allows those of all lands who care to visit it, though not its natives, an unlimited licence to ruin or to enrich themselves at the tables. It might be quite interesting to point out the series of changes that Monte Carlo has seen during the fifty years of the life of its Casino, but it would be far too long a survey for a brief note. Some very striking changes have been wrought within the last few years. Looking from the terrace, where you used to see only the fortunate pigeons that had escaped the gun circling in the air, you may now see hydro-aeroplanes and other flying-machines. Scarcely less striking is the change in the nationality of the frequenters of the place. The Germans have been acquiring wealth very rapidly, and the all-pervading figures, fashions and speech of the Fatherland prove that many of them, at least, do not mind spending some of that wealth in a very different scene and manner from those in which it was acquired.

There is a feature in the Monthly Report for April of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries worth a passing note. It is that, except in one or two districts, there is a considerable shrinkage in the wheat area this year. Taking the districts as they are classified by the Board we find that in the counties of Northumberland, Durham, Cumberland and Westmorland, the total area under wheat is estimated at nearly ten per cent. less than a year ago. In Lancashire and Cheshire it is five per cent. less; in Shropshire and Stafford, four per cent.; in Derby, Nottingham, Leicester and Rutland, two per cent.; in Lincoln and Norfolk, five per cent.; in Suffolk, Cambridge and Huntingdon, slightly less; Bedford, Northampton and Warwick, six per cent.; Worcester, Hereford and Gloucester, five per cent.; Cornwall, Devon and Somerset, "somewhat less"; Monmouth, Glamorgan, Carmarthen and Pembroke, six per cent. In one or two districts the wheat area remained about the same, and in Essex, Hertford, Middlesex and Berkshire, the total breadth sown with autumn or spring wheat is rather greater than a year ago "but somewhat less in

Buckingham and a good deal less in Oxford." These facts go far to show that the British farmer is not now content with the profit yielded by cereals; he is giving more attention to stock or special crops.

The London Library is one of our most important institutions, and is still extending its bounds. Founded seventy-five years ago, and started in one room at a rental of about sixty pounds a year, it has prospered without endowments or legacies until to-day it can boast a library of nearly three hundred thousand volumes and freehold premises worth about fifty thousand pounds, but encumbered with a debenture debt. The present committee, conscious of the Library's ever-increasing needs, have had the boldness and foresight to acquire the house and freehold of 8, Duke Street, which will enable them to rearrange their present premises to the best advantage, and will provide accommodation for books for a century to come. To meet this large expenditure a loan is, of course, necessary. The London Library deserves the support of all who care for literature and scholarship. There is nothing of exactly the kind in any other country, and every year its special advantages are more understood and appreciated. The London Library has now reached a stage at which some special effort is necessary. We cannot but think that a loan which the committee are trying to float among its members will be successful, but it is evident that, if the Library is to carry out the necessary reconstruction and develop on proper and broader lines, its appeal must be to a wider public.

CHILD'S SONG.

The day grows pale and paler,
The wind is blowing free—
Are you a good sailer?
Then let us go to sea!
Let us while we can,
Because, you never know,
To-morrow they may pack us back to town
And then we can't go.

So we'll sail so proud and fast
Much quicker than the wind,
And when we're there at last
Oh, what shall we find?
A dragon in his den
And a Princess all white
Shining like the stars and moon
On a dark night.

And when we're home again
With nothing on earth to do,
And it's rain, rain, rain
And rain the whole day through,
Oh! won't it be fun,
To think that we have been
In lands which Cousin Percy and Aunt Maria and
Susan
Have never even seen?
Hurrah! hurrah!
But hurry up and come—
For the sun's in Nurse's eyes and she'll wake up in
a minute
And then we'll be sent home!

MARGARET SACKVILLE

Professor Dowden, whose death took place on April 4th, was one of the most distinguished of the many remarkable writers which Dublin produced during the later half of the Victorian Era. He was born at Cork in May, 1843, and came of a vigorous Presbyterian stock. His name will always be associated with Trinity College, where he was Professor of English Literature from the age of twenty-four till he died—that is to say, a total period of forty-six years. Probably his best work was done as a lecturer. He had the art of stimulating and energising those with whom he came into contact. Into his conversation he could put more than into his written work, so perhaps it might be that his fine voice and sympathetic manner helped to carry his meaning more clearly home. Yet in literature he did work that promises to be lasting. As the interpreter of Shelley, he is beloved by the select band who look upon the author of "Adonais" as being pre-eminently the poet's poet. He was a great Shakespearean scholar, and his books on Montaigne, Southey and Browning show his wide command of criticism. Several of his poems, too, are sufficient to the point of being inspired.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF FRENCH FARMING

By F. N. WEBB.



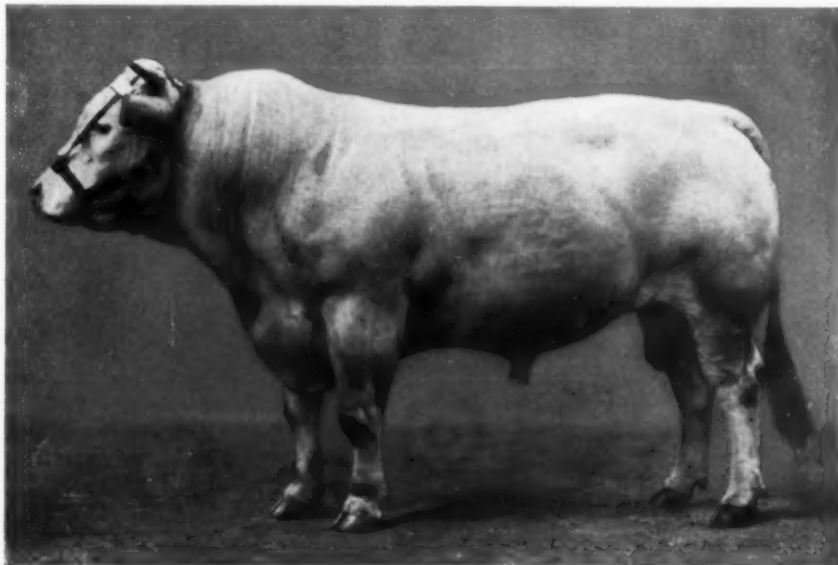
FAT CHAROLAISE OXEN.

My acceptance of an invitation to judge at a French agricultural show seemed to be a signal for numerous friends and business acquaintances to offer me their hospitality, and to volunteer to show me all they could of the French methods of farming. Unfortunately my time was limited, and it was with great regret that I was unable to avail myself of the opportunity of visiting several typical farms. With me on this trip was a well-known English agriculturist, who also knew, from personal observation, the various systems of farming that are employed in most European countries and in North America. We were both greatly impressed by the kindness and courtesy with which we were received by everyone in France.

The four days' agricultural show, organised by the Société Départementale d'Agriculture de L'Allier, was held at the quaint old-fashioned town of Moulins, on the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée line, and was reached by express train in five hours from Paris. It was interesting to find that more than half the prize-money, viz., 5,500fr., was found by the Minister of Agriculture. The livestock, which consisted principally of breeding cattle, sheep and pigs and a few fat cattle, working oxen and poultry, were housed in a large hall (Hall Du Cours de Bercy). The machinery and implements were on view in the streets of the town. At 8.30 a.m. on the judging day I met my colleagues on "the jury," two important French agriculturists, at the bureau, or secretary's office, where we were received by the president of the show, M. de Garidel, who afterwards entertained us to luncheon at his town house in Moulins. As my duties, judging French-bred Southdown sheep, did not commence until some time later, I had plenty of time to look round the cattle section, which was mainly composed of animals of the Race Charolaise-Nivernaise. This is a very lengthy, heavy breed of white beef cattle, many of them perhaps rather badly made about the shoulders, and some of them inclined to be slack in the back, and when fat not too well covered with meat on the ribs. Notwithstanding this, they are a very good sort of farmers' cattle, and they reached a heavy weight. There were about 60 breeding cattle and about 20 fat ones. Most

of the former consisted of young bulls; there were no less than 129 entries in the class for bulls under seven months old, 90 in the class between seven and eight months of age and 57 from eight to nine months old. Their colour should be pure white—a yellow tinge tells against them in the showyard—and their horns should incline upwards. Evidently this show is an important one for trade, and many young bulls changed hands. Two French farmers having a deal reminded us somewhat of Irish horse-dealers doing business; in fact, what we thought was the beginning of a free fight was nothing more than harmless haggling, but both buyer and seller must have been worn out by the time they had come to terms. The fat cattle were entirely Charolaise and that breed crossed with the shorthorn. The sheep were all Southdowns with the exception that there was one exhibitor of each of the following breeds, viz.: Dishley (or Leicester), Oxford and Charmois. The sheep, from an English point of view, were not nearly so good as the cattle. It must, however, be remembered that the former are bred simply to provide mutton for their own country, and that, rightly or wrongly, they are regarded in France as animals that must be housed all winter. Even in the summer the sheep are brought home at night into the *bergerie*, or sheep-shed. In this country we must have a stronger, hardier class of sheep to withstand an outdoor life all the year round. We also breed them so that they can be exported and live in almost every climate of the globe, including such cold countries as Russia, Canada. The style of sheep that the French breeder seems to aim at is a long sheep with a well-developed leg of mutton of a peculiar shape, which I have

endeavoured to show in the illustration. The French Southdown rams have not the masculine heads and short thick necks which we like to see on our home-bred sires, and which we think denote vigour, strength and hardy constitution; nor do the French sheep "stand so well on their legs" as the English. There is, too, a great lack of uniformity of type, and the long ears, dark polls and spotted skins—faults which several of the Southdowns at this show possessed—seem to point to the fact that at some time or other some of the French sheep may



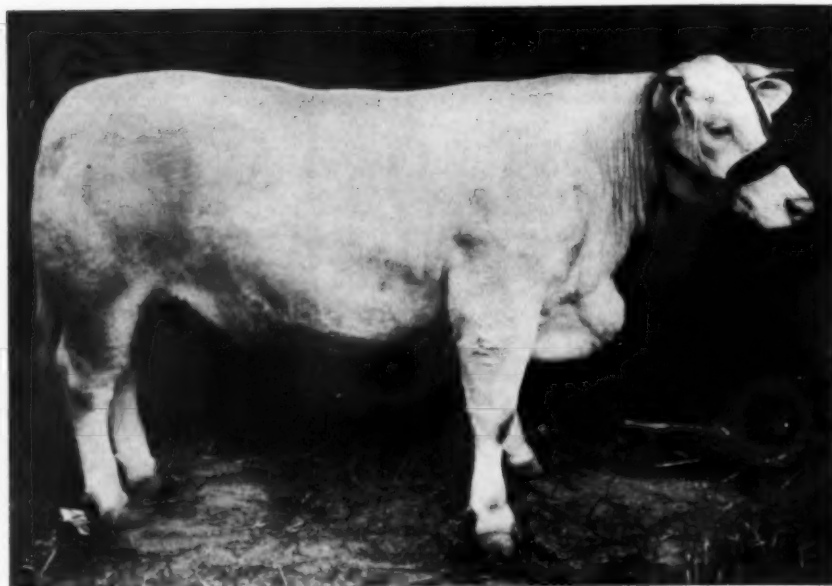
CHAROLAISE BULL.

have had an outcross. It is customary in France to shear the sheep bare two weeks before the show, and as the tails of South-downs there are cut off close to the spine—not even a stump is left—the sheep, in my eyes, appeared to be disfigured. The carcasses, however, of the sheep, apart from their effeminate heads and thin necks, were good in shape, especially in the leg of mutton; but the sheep did not “handle” well on the loin and back, and had not the firm “touch” which we like in England. My colleagues judged simply by the eye, and did not “handle” the sheep

nor examine the staple of the wool. With one exception, however, we agreed without any trouble as to which were the best sheep in each class. There were 21 exhibits of young rams under eighteen months old, 12 of older rams and four pens of three ewes under eighteen months old. Mr. Edmond Fouret gained the first prize in each class and the championship, Mr. Robert Eustache took one second and one fourth, Mr. Emile Petit a second and Messrs. Dodat Brothers a third. The pigs were chiefly the breeds known as Craonnais and Bourbonnais, long white swine with ears shaped like those of our Lincolnshire curly-coated pigs. There seemed to be a great similarity between the two French breeds, except that the Bourbonnais' noses turned up more than those of the Craonnais. There were also some excellent crosses between these breeds and the English large whites.

FRENCH FARMS.

The morning after the show we rose early, and by 8.30 a.m. we had already started in Mr. Robert Eustache's motor to visit his charming home at Chasnay, com. de Marzy (Nièvre). By travelling at a medium pace we were able to see the countryside and keep up a conversation on farming. Our way took us through Nevers, and as we crossed the river bridge we had



CHAROLAISE COW.

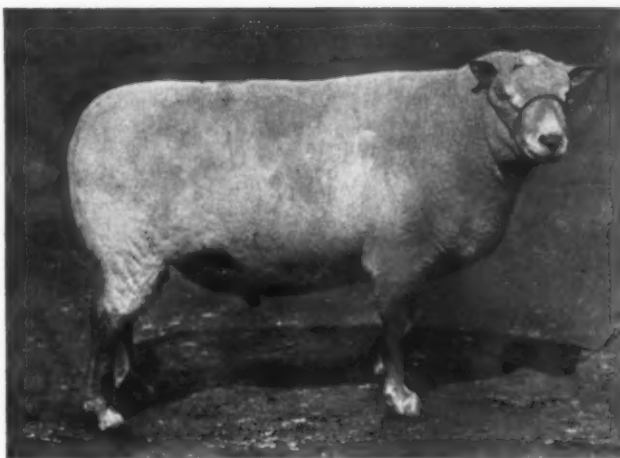
a splendid view of this picturesque town. Agriculture is my theme, or I should like to write of Mr. Eustache's country house covered with wistaria, of his pretty grounds and of his productive fruit and kitchen garden. This was my first sight of Mr. Eustache's celebrated South-down flock. The ewes, both those with lambs and the heavy ones, are kept in a large shed during the winter. They are provided with hay racks, and this, with the addition of pulped mangolds, is their winter diet. The old shepherd, garbed in a blue blouse with trousers to match and wearing sabots, is

assisted by his wife, a dear old woman, christened “Noah's Wife” by Mme. Eustache, from her resemblance to the wooden lady of that title who was always to be found in the Noah's Ark of our childhood. “Noah's Wife” on our arrival was returning from the *bergerie*; on her arm was a wooden basket filled with bottles. Apparently she has a bottle for each of the lambs that she is hand-rearing. The fat, well-grown lambs of a few weeks old which were running with their dams, and the sturdy youngsters born that morning, not only testified to the healthy state of their mothers, but they bid fair in due course to maintain the reputation of the flock. After inspecting some of the favourite ewes and rams, we looked round the sheds used for the working oxen and cows, and in the office at the farm I was allowed to see the private flock-book. We also examined some very fine ears of wheat and oats grown on the estate. Then, after a bird's-eye view of the farm, we returned to Nevers and caught the train to Paris. The next day, after lunching with Mr. Edmond Fouret at his luxuriously furnished town house in the rue de Lille, he took us in his car to see his country home and farm, known as “La Norville,” com. d'Arpajon (Seine-et-Oise), about an hour's run from Paris. “La Norville” is an ideal home standing on a hill, and commands



IN THE FARMYARD.

a splendid view. Although this estate has only been in its present owner's possession six years, it is easy to see that he has already greatly improved his property. Money has not been spared, but not a franc has been wasted; every one has been well invested by a man who knows his business. Mr. Fouret finds his farming operations are a relaxation from the strenuous work which the control of a huge publishing business entails; yet it is evident that his object is to make a profit even out of his pleasure. The Southdown flock was taken over by Mr. Fouret at the death of his brother, who had only acquired it a few years previously from the noted breeder and judge of sheep, the late Mr. C. Nouette Delorme. The removal of the flock to La Norville necessitated the conversion of the buildings into a model *bergerie*, which will now house about two hundred and fifty breeding ewes and their lambs, about one hundred rams and about the same number of yearling ewes. All the sheds are well ventilated, are fitted with electric light and connected by tram-lines with a new set of farm buildings a short distance away. First of all, a nice bunch of yearling ewes were inspected; these were enjoying haricot-bean stew. After that, we visited the ewe flock, which contained many shapely and well-grown specimens of the breed; here we admired especially some of the older ewes and their lambs. We had not time to closely examine each individual ram; these were under another roof, but we could see they were a well-grown lot, with good legs of mutton, and a credit to their breeder. Two two year old rams



TWO YEAR OLD FRENCH-BRED SOUTHDOWN RAM.

pointed out that he attempted to breed the class of sheep that found the most ready sale in France. Judging by the large number of rams that he sells each year and the average price per head that



FLOCK OF EWES.

that took our fancy were led out and their rugs removed. One of this pair was, in my opinion, the best ram I had seen in France, and resembled in style the sire we prefer over here. Mr. Fouret

they realise, no other French breeder obtains better results than Mr. Fouret, who need not pay so much regard as is done in England to some of the minor characteristics of what we believe to be an

ideal Southdown. The tendency in England is for all breeders of pure-bred stock to exaggerate the importance of what I may term showyard fads. For instance, too much stress is laid on the importance of having a superabundance of hair on the legs of the Shire horse and on the necessity of an entirely bald poll on the Suffolk sheep. I venture to think that, so far as utility is concerned, some of our British breeds of dogs have been spoiled by breeding for the show-bench. In France more attention might, I think, with advantage be paid to points which are a sign of purity of breeding.

After inspecting Mr. Fouret's Southdowns, we looked round the farm buildings, in which were housed the cows, working oxen, farm-horses, etc. The machinery which threshed the corn, delivered it to the overhead granary and into various dressing machines,



RAMS' HOUSE.

tied the straw into bundles, could not be more practical, and was a great saving of manual labour. Another machine, driven by the same engine, washed the mangolds in a similar manner to the way in which sugar-beet is cleaned. After these roots were pulped they were taken to the various mixing-houses and feeding-stalls on tram-lines. The cows and oxen were clean, and lodged in very comfortable quarters, and each animal's name was printed on a card fixed on the front wall. A most ingenious balance was in use for weighing and registering the quantity of milk each cow gave night and morning. Swinging wooden partitions, simple but effective, divided each horse from its fellow, and on wooden slats, which formed a shelf suspended from the roof, was placed each horse's daily allowance of hay and straw. One pair of gates leading from the farmyard opened on to a shallow cement tank, which could be filled with disinfectant. When thought advisable, all the stock can be made to walk through this tank when entering or leaving the farm premises. At another set of buildings we saw Mr. Fouret's Berichon ewes, which were then being mated with Southdown rams. Their progeny should be dropped next July, and if they sell as well as last year they will fetch forty shillings each before Christmas. The large kitchen garden, with row upon row of fruit trees, each variety trimmed in exactly the same manner, was a marvel of neatness. In short, the appearance of the whole property was a proof of how an energetic and business-like man, with sufficient capital, can transform what was doubtless, six years ago, a very ordinary holding into an up-to-date, neat and practical home farm. I have not the slightest doubt that whatever Mr. Fouret took in hand would prove a success. Nothing, I think, gives him greater pleasure than to know that the reputation of his flock is greater at the present time than ever it was. Which fact is contrary, I fancy, to the predictions of Mr. Fouret's friends, who could not believe that an eminent and busy publisher could prove to be an equally clever sheep-breeder and agriculturist.

FARMING GENERALLY.

It must not be thought that the farms I have written about are a type of the general farming in France. In that country, as in ours, the larger the size of the holding, as a rule, the better the cultivation and management and the heavier the crops. Close to Paris, the market-gardeners who grow the second early vegetables, the earliest of all coming to Paris from Algeria and later from the South of France, produce magnificent crops. Apart, however, from the gardens, I must own that I was disappointed with the way in which much of the land was tilled. One hears so much of the thrifty French peasant, who saves money, that I was under the impression that I should find every yard of soil cultivated in the most approved manner. Such was far from being the case in the districts we visited. The absence of hedges and ditches enables one to get a good view of the strips of land into which most of the fields are divided. Many of these plots were foul with "couch" or "twitch" grass, and were very indifferently cultivated; some appeared to be out of cultivation. The farmyard manure that one saw being hauled on to the fields was of little more value than wet straw. The tiny stacks of wheat left standing were badly stacked and thatched. A large number of the smaller farmers in France are evidently very behindhand in their methods; much more so than in England. Nor is their land so heavily stocked as over here, and I was told that it is difficult to persuade them to use artificial fertilisers. The French small holders make a living because (a) They have protection. (b) The small farmer's wife does much of the manual labour. (c) I think the principal reason why the small holder and farm labourer in France exist and manage to save money is that they live on, and are contented

with, food at which the British workman would turn up his nose in disgust. It is not the amount they earn but the low cost at which they live that enables them to put by money. Numerous farmers and small holders in France own the soil they till; some, especially the larger occupiers, rent their farms, as in England. Many farms, however, are let by the landlord on a profit-sharing system. The landlord finds the capital to run the farm, and his consent is obtained before anything is bought or sold. The occupier manages the farm and shares the profits with the owner. This system works well only when the landlord is a practical agriculturist and can direct his partner. The agricultural labourer in France may be very economical and saving, but he certainly did not strike me as a quick or plodding worker. His slackness may possibly be caused by an insufficiency of suitable food. We hear much of the rural housing question now in England, but it is quite common in France for the agricultural labourer to sleep in the cowhouse. On a farm I visited, in one building, none too lofty or well ventilated, sleeping accommodation was provided for six cows, the same number of working oxen, one donkey, the head-horseman, the cowman and a boy. The men and the boy certainly had a stall each and a comfortable and, to all appearance, clean bed. I did not look over any labourers' cottages, but judging from the exterior and from what I was told, they are not so sanitary or convenient as the average cottage in our villages. The chief lesson an Englishman can learn from a French agriculturist is not how to make money, but how not to spend it.

THE AINTREE FENCES

By A HUNTING SPECTATOR.

WITH three horses finishing out of twenty-two starters, we may expect another outbreak of discussion regarding the Aintree fences, such as occurred two years ago, when record in this way was broken by Glenside being the only horse to complete the course without a fall. In the race of last Friday there were at least two refusals to deduct from the casualty list; but as against that, one of those finishing—Carsey—if he did not absolutely fall, came near enough to it to unship his most useful jockey, Mr. Drake, so that Glenside's year was run pretty close as a record, and one wonders if there will ever be a National in which all will come to grief.

No one, except those who make them up, can say with certainty to what extent the size of the fences varies from year to year; but I should think very little, and personally my impression is that there has not been the least increase in the last twenty-five years. The question of why there are so many

failures to get round is a very interesting one, and the views of those who have ridden in the race during the last few years might throw some light on the subject; unfortunately, those gallant men of action are seldom men of words too, and so we hear least from those best qualified to impart useful information.

That the Aintree course is, and always has been, a very stiff one is well known; but many horses have got round it, and in much shorter time than was taken this year, or in that of Glenside's year, there being a minute between the latter and the fastest, and sometimes like former four



BECHER'S BROOK.



VALENTINE'S BROOK (THE MINER TRYING TO "BANK" THE FENCE WHEN VERY TIRED).

seconds between the time taken this year and record. This is worthy of consideration, as it disposes of the idea that an excessive pace is accountable for bringing so many down on

these two occasions. The pace always seems tremendous to the onlooker, but it is doubtful if it does not in a way help to carry over the obstacles which are wide as well as high.



AT THE CANAL TURN, THE SECOND TIME ROUND.

On more than one occasion I have heard people say that, given time, they would undertake to ride a hunter over the course, and no doubt this is true; but I am quite sure that the pace at which the average hunter jumps his fences would not carry him safely over the Aintree fences, especially if he was a rather under-bred one; and some of the innocent sportsmen who are taken in by the "bang tail" which so often disguises what Jorrock called an "airy 'celed 'umbug," nowadays would be roughly disillusioned were they to try it. Watching the National horses taking their fences is most interesting,

and if near enough—which one is not in any of the stands excepting the small one at the Canal turn—one sees how exactly right each jump must be to be either safe or expeditious enough, and one realises what a beautiful piece of mechanism the thorough-bred horse is and understands what is meant by the word one hears in connection with particular horses, "scope," meaning, I take it, power to stretch out, as must unquestionably be done to slide over those tremendous obstacles without a second's loss of time.

BUILDINGS FOR SMALL HOLDINGS.

A VALUABLE Report has been issued by the Departmental Committee appointed to enquire into this subject. We notice that the price marked on it is 11s. 3d., and this is one of the few objections that we have to the document. It is the sort of thing that will not be fully effective unless the small holders themselves obtain possession of it, and the price is more than they will pay. The Report explains very clearly the common-sense principles on which every owner or occupier should set about the equipment of a small holding. Quite courageously at the very beginning the fact is faced that if a large holding is split up into small holdings the land cannot be let at the same rent as before, since each new tenancy has to be provided with the buildings necessary for the accommodation of the occupier and the cultivation of the land. Further, "insufficient or unsuitable equipment, certainly, must lessen the productive capacity of the holding, while on the other hand excessive equipment must represent so much dead weight upon it, and involve the occupier in expenditure for which he can get no real return." The writer then goes on to show the impossibility of laying down hard-and-fast rules. The equipment must be made suitable to the particular holding, and the choice of material should be guided by what is most easily obtainable in the district.

THE BUILDINGS SHOULD BE ATTRACTIVE IN APPEARANCE.

On the design and arrangement of buildings certain general observations are made which are entirely to our mind. Thus: "It is no small element in the success of the small holdings movement that the buildings should be homely and attractive in appearance, as well as convenient in arrangement and economical in cost. Moreover, the country districts of England and Wales are unsurpassed for variety and beauty of character, and it would be nothing less than a national misfortune if the increased development of small holdings were to result in the erection of buildings unsuited to their environment and ugly in appearance. Breadth and simplicity of design, therefore, should be aimed at, and the introduction of useless features for the sake of effect should be avoided. Orderly arrangement of the buildings, the observance of good proportion in the spacing and form of the door and window openings, the maintenance of some relation between windows of different sizes by means of a common unit, and other simple elements of good design, which are costly only in thought and care, can and should be secured even where the cost of the building must be kept within strict limits."

THE HOUSE.

To take up the different items, we begin with the small holder's house. The minimum of accommodation set forth in it is that it should have three bedrooms, a living-room or kitchen, a scullery, a larder or pantry, and a fuel store. This is certainly not an extravagant provision; but it is only put forward as a minimum. The minimum area it would occupy is given as four hundred and nineteen feet, the bedroom area, of course, being slightly smaller.

THE DAIRY.

If cows are kept there must be some sort of dairy, because, even should the whole of the milk be contracted for in town, it will, after milking, have to stand in the house for a long or short period, and coolness and cleanliness must be insisted upon where that is the case. Forty square feet is suggested as the minimum size for a dairy, and this would be sufficient only in the case where two, or at the most three, cows are kept.

THE COTTAGE PARLOUR.

The Report sets forth in detail and with great commonsense the requirements of the living-room, the scullery, the larder, fuel store, lobby and staircase, and bedrooms. In addition to these there will often be needed a parlour: "There can be no doubt about a strong desire for a parlour or sitting-room in addition to the accommodation described above. The evidence of many of the small holders whom we interviewed showed that they were in favour of having this additional room, and the strength of the desire for it was indicated by the general tendency to convert the scullery into a living-room, and the living-room into a parlour, in cases where only the two rooms had been provided."

NEED OF OUTSIDE WASHHOUSES.

In some districts, too, an outside washhouse is regarded as a necessity, and for building it the following additional reasons are given: "A separate washhouse will also afford the space, which is usually required in a small holder's house, for keeping such articles as a perambulator, bicycle, and garden tools; if the fuel-house is then required only for its proper purpose, it can be made somewhat smaller than if it has to serve these purposes as

well. If the farm buildings are situated near the house, it will often be possible when planning them to include, at comparatively little expense, an outhouse which would serve for all the purposes mentioned above. The second copper, which is often required in the outbuildings for the boiling of food for the stock, could be placed in such an outhouse, and share the same chimney-stack as the washing-copper." There is a suggestion that in some groups of small holdings a common washhouse, or a working dairy, or a miniature milk factory may be set up to do for all the holdings. "It was noticed in Sweden that the co-operative collecting dairy was made a prominent feature of some of the colonies of small holdings that had been laid out, and the example is well worth copying for the sake, not only of the economy effected, but of the improvement in the method of collecting and disposing of the milk."

SIMPLE DRAINAGE.

We shall leave to the architects consideration of the various paragraphs dealing with the Structure of the House, Roofing, Gutters and Spouting, Windows, Floors, Design, Materials and Arrangement, and Drainage. It is difficult to pass the last mentioned without a word. The question is of great importance, and it is not at all well understood in the country. The old plan was to build a water-tight cesspool, the Report says, "with a view to its being pumped out regularly and distributed upon the land." Of course, this was never or hardly ever done in practice. Even a careful householder does not have his cesspool cleaned out except when he needs the contents as manure, and there are scores of places where they are simply left to themselves in spite of the diphtheria and other diseases by which the cottages are visited. We are glad to see that the Committee approve the far simpler and healthier plan of simply draining the water on to the land or garden, where by a simple contrivance it can be spread about and become useful in irrigating the soil. The main thing to assure is that the ground falls away from the house, so that the simple piping works of its own accord, so to speak. In regard to the water supply, a good word is said for rain water, which "as it falls is pure so long as the atmosphere is not charged with soot, dust, or deleterious gases; owing, however, to the character of the water, lead cisterns, pipes, or other fittings should never be used. The roof upon which the rain falls should be of an impervious material, such as slate, and the water should be stored in an underground water-tight tank."

ECONOMY OF FARM BUILDINGS.

After leaving the cottages, the Report deals with farm buildings, first of all in a series of "General Considerations," afterwards more particularly. It is pointed out that the tenant, if he is consulted about the buildings, is apt to take "a rather extravagant and individual view of his requirements, without realising the extra amount of rent involved." An example is cited of some small holders who, being offered facilities for borrowing £500 at a low rate of interest for the purpose of equipment, had taken up the full amount, thus burdening themselves with interest for a larger house and more outdoor accommodation than they actually required. The Committee seem to be in favour of a tenant doing most of the work himself, and they say: "It is a common mistake to suppose that, if a tenant does much of the work of equipment himself, difficulties will arise over the adjustment of compensation in the event of his leaving the holding. We consider such difficulties to be greatly exaggerated; in practice a tenant is often quite willing to put up a roughly-constructed shed or building which will satisfy his needs for a few years, and can be either taken away upon his quitting the holding, or left behind if it is of no value to him. Buildings of this kind are often of a very rough description, and valuers are not in the habit of allowing more for such constructions than they are actually worth."

BUILDINGS FOR A MARKET GARDEN.

If the holding is for a market garden or fruit, a very simple equipment will do all that is required. In many instances a packing shed for fruit and vegetables will suffice. Others may need a store-room in addition, and if the small holder is going to take round his wares in a cart, he will have to have a little stable for his pony. "It is in providing buildings of this description that the tenants can do most of the work themselves. In the Evesham district we saw numerous sheds which were erected by tenants, and although they were only of a rough description, they served their purpose very well. The cost of the materials used varied from £7 to £15, and in the latter case stabling for a horse and shelter for a cart were included. These figures are no criterion, of course, of what it would cost a county council or a private owner to build similar structures."

NOTWITHSTANDING

by Mary Cholmondeley



CHAPTER XIII.

LADY LOUISA MANVERS was waiting for her nephew propped up in bed, clutching the bedclothes with leaden, corpse-pale hands. She was evidently at the last stage of some long and terrific illness, and her hold on life seemed as powerless and as convulsive as that of her hands upon the quilt. She felt that she was slipping into the grave, she, the one energetic and far-seeing member of the family, and that on her exhausted shoulders lay the burden of arranging everything for the good of her children, for they were totally incapable of doing anything for themselves. In the long nights of unrest and weariness unspeakable, her mind accustomed to undisputed dominion revolved perpetually round the future of her children, and the means by which in her handicapped condition she could still bring about what would be best for them, what was essential for their well-being, especially Harry's. And all the while her authority was slipping from her, in spite of her desperate grasp upon it. The whole world and her stubborn children themselves were in league against her; and the least opposition on their part aroused in her a paroxysm of anger and despair. Why did everyone make her heavy task heavier? Why was she tacitly disobeyed when a swift and absolute obedience was imperative? Why did they try to soothe her, and speak smooth things to her, when they were virtually opposing her all the time? She, a paralysed old woman, only longing for rest, was forced to fight them all single-handed for their sakes.

To-night as she lay waiting for her nephew she touched a lower level of despair than even she had yet reached. She suspected that Roger would fail her. Janey had for the first time turned against her. Even Janey, who had always yielded to her, always, always, even she had opposed her; had actually refused to make the promise which was essential to the welfare of poor Harry after she herself was gone. And she felt that she was going, that she was being pushed daily and hourly nearer to the negation of all things, the silence, the impotence of the grave. She determined to act with strength while power to act still remained.

Roger's reluctant step came up the oak staircase, and his tap on the door. "May I come in?"

"Come in."

He came in, and stood as if he were stuffed in the middle of the room, his eyes fixed on the cornice.

"I hope you are feeling better, Aunt Louisa."

"I am still alive, as you see."

Deep-rooted jealousy of Roger dwelt in her, had dwelt in her ever since the early days when her husband had adopted him against her wish when he had been left an orphan. She had not wanted him in her nursery. Her husband had always been fond of him, and later in life had leaned upon him. In the depths of her bitter heart Lady Louisa believed he had preferred his nephew to the two sons she had given him—Dick, the ne'er do well, and Harry, the late-comer, the fool.

Roger moved his eyes slowly round the room, looking always away from the bed till they fell upon the cat curled up in the armchair.

"Holloa, puss!" he said. "Caught a mouse lately?"

"Did you get the power of attorney?" came the voice from the bed.

"No, Aunt Louisa."

The bedclothes trembled. "I told you not to come back without it."

Roger was silent.

"Had not Jane arranged everything?"

"Everything."

"And the doctor! Wasn't he there ready to witness it?"

"Oh Lord! Yes. He was there."

"Then I fail to understand why you came back without it."

"Dick wasn't fit to sign," said Roger, doggedly.

"Didn't I warn you before you went that he had repeatedly told Jane that he could not attend to business, and that was why it was so important you should be empowered to act for him; and the power of attorney was his particular wish?"

"Yes, you did. But I didn't know he'd be like that. He didn't know a thing. It didn't seem as if he *could* have had a particular wish one way or the other. Aunt Louisa, he wasn't fit."

"And so you set up your judgment against mine, and his own doctor's. I told you before you went, what you knew already, that he was not capable of transacting business, and that you must have the power; and you said you understood. And then you

come back here and inform me that he was not fit, which you knew before you started."

"No, no. You're wrong there."

How like he was to her dead husband as he said that, and how she hated him for the likeness.

"Don't contradict me. You were asked to act in Dick's own interest, and in the interests of the property, and you promised to do it. And you haven't done it."

"But, Aunt Louisa. He wasn't in a state to sign anything. He's not alive. He's just breathing, that's all. Doesn't know anybody, or take any notice. If you'd seen him you'd have known you *couldn't* get his signature."

"I did get it about the marshlands. I went to Paris on purpose last November, when I was too ill to travel. I only sent you this time because I could not leave my bed."

Roger paused, and then his honest face became plum colour, and he blurted out: "They were actually going to guide his hand."

Lady Louisa's cold eyes met his.

"Well! And if they were?"

Roger lost his embarrassment. His face became as pale as it had been red. He came up to the bed, and looked the sick woman straight in the eyes.

"I was not the right man for the job," he said. "You should have sent somebody else. I—stopped it."

"I hope when you are dying, Roger, that your son will carry out your last wishes more effectively than my nephew has carried out mine."

"But, Aunt Louisa, upon my honour he wasn't—"

"Good-night. Ask Janey to send up nurse to me as soon as she returns."

Roger left the room clumsily, but yet with a certain dignity. His upright soul was shocked to the very core. He marched heavily downstairs to the library, where Janey was keeping his coffee hot for him over a little spirit-lamp. There was indignation in his clear grey eyes. And over his coffee and his cigarette he recounted to her exactly how everything had been, and how Dick wasn't fit, he really wasn't. And Janey thought that when he had quite finished she would tell him of the pressure her mother was bringing to bear on her to promise to make a home for Harry after her death. But when at last Roger got off the subject, and his cigarette had soothed him, he went on to tell Janey about a man he had met on the boat, who, oddly enough, turned out to be a cousin of a land-agent he knew in Kent. This surprising incident took so long, the approaches having been both gradual and circuitous and primarily connected with the proffer of a paper, that when it also had been adequately dealt with and disposed of, it was getting late.

"I must be off," he said, rising. "Good-night, Janey. Keep a brave heart, old girl." He nodded slightly to the room above, which was his aunt's. "Rough on you sometimes, I'm afraid."

"You always cheer me up," she said, with perfect truthfulness. He *had* cheered her. It would be a sad world for most of us if it were by our conversational talents that we could comfort those we love. But Roger believed it was so in his case, and complacently felt that he had broached a number of interesting Parisian subjects, and had refreshed Janey, whom Lady Louisa led a dog's life and no mistake. He was fond of her, and sorry for her beyond measure, and his voice and eyes were very kindly as he bade her good-night. She went to the door with him, and they stood a moment together in the moonlight under the clustering stars of the clematis. He took his hat and stick, and repeated his words, "Keep a brave heart."

She said in a voice which she tried and failed to make as tranquil as usual, "I had been so afraid you weren't coming, that you had missed your train."

"Oh no! I didn't miss it. But just as I got to the gate at eight o'clock I met Miss Georges coming out of the churchyard, and it was pretty dark—moon wasn't up—and I thought I ought to see her home first. That was why I was late."

Janey bade him good-night again, and slipped indoors. The moonlight and the clematis, which a moment before had been

so full of mysterious meaning, were suddenly emptied of all significance.

CHAPTER XIV.

JANEY lit her bedroom candle with a hand that trembled a little, and in her turn went slowly upstairs. She could hear the clatter of knives and forks in the dining-room, and Harry's vacant laugh and nurse's sharp voice. They had come back then. She went with an effort into her mother's room and sat down in her accustomed chair by the bed.

"It is ten o'clock. Shall I read, mother?"

"Certainly."

It was the first time they had spoken since she had been ordered out of the room earlier in the day. Janey opened the prayer-book on the table by the bedside and read a psalm and a chapter from the Gospel. "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me: for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest for your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light." She closed the book, and said, timidly, "May I stay until nurse comes up?"

"Pray do exactly what you like."

Janey did not move.

"I am heavy laden," said her mother. "I don't suppose you have ever given it one moment's thought what it must be like to lie like a log as I do."

Her daughter dared not answer.

"How many months have I lain in this room?"

"Eight months."

"Ever since I went to Paris last October. I was too ill to go, but I went."

Silence.

"I am heavy laden, but it seems I must not look to you for help, Janey."

Janey's heart sickened within her. When had her mother ever relinquished anything if once her indomitable will were set upon it? She felt within herself no force to withstand a second attack.

The nurse came in at that moment, a tall, shrewd, capable woman of five-and-thirty, with a certain remnant of haggard good looks. "May Mr. Harry come in to say good-night, Milady?"

"Yes."

She went to the door and admitted a young man. Harry came and stood beside the bed, looking sheepishly at his mother. If his face had not been slightly vacant, the mouth ajar, he would have been beautiful. As it was, people turned in the street to see him pass. He was tall, fair, well grown, with a delightful smile. He smiled now at his mother, and she tried hard to smile back at him, her rigid face twitching a little.

"Well, my son! had you a nice day in Ipswich?"

"Yes, Mama."

"And I hope you were brave at the dentist's, and that he did not hurt you much."

"Oh! no, Mama. He did not hurt me at all."

"Not at all?" said his mother, surprised.

The nurse stepped forward at once. "Mr. Harry did not have his tooth out, Milady."

"No," said Harry, slowly, looking at the nurse as if he were repeating a lesson. "The tooth was *not* taken out. It was *not*."

"Mr. Milson had been called away," continued the nurse, glibly.

"Called away," echoed Harry.

"Then the expedition was all for nothing," said Lady Louisa, wearily.

"Oh, no! Mama."

The nurse intervened once more, and recounted how she had taken Harry to have his hair cut and to buy some gloves, and to an entertainment of performing dogs, and to tea at Frobisher's. They could have been home earlier, but she knew the carriage was ordered to meet the later train.

Harry began to imitate the tricks which the dogs had done, but the nurse peremptorily interrupted him. "Her Ladyship's tired, and it's past ten o'clock. You must tell her about the dogs to-morrow."

"Yes, to-morrow," echoed Harry, and he kissed his mother, and shuffled towards the door. Janey slipped out with him.

Lady Louisa did not speak again while the nurse made the arrangements for the night. She was incensed with her. She had been too peremptory with Harry. It was not for her to order him about in that way. Lady Louisa was beginning to distrust this capable, indefatigable woman on whom she had become absolutely dependent; and when the nurse had left her for the night, and was asleep in the next room with the door open between, she began to turn over in her mind, not for the first time, the idea of parting with her, and letting Janey nurse her entirely once more, as she had done at first. Janey, with Anne, the housemaid, to help her, could manage perfectly well between them whatever the doctor might say. It was not as if she wanted anything doing for her, lying still as she did day after day. She should never have had a trained nurse if her own wishes had been consulted. But when were they ever consulted! The doctor, who understood nothing about her illness, had insisted, and Janey had not resisted the idea, as she ought to have done. But the whole household could not be run to suit Janey's convenience. She had told her so already more than once. She should tell her so again. Even worms will turn. There were others to be considered besides Janey, who only considered herself.

Lady Louisa's mind left her daughter and went back as if it had received some subtle warning to the subject of the nurse. She was convinced by the woman's manner of intervening when she had been questioning Harry that something had been concealed from her about the expedition to Ipswich. She constantly suspected that there was a cabal against her. She was determined to find out what it was, which she could easily do from Harry. And if nurse had really disobeyed her, and had taken him on the water, which always excited him, or to a theatre, which was strictly forbidden, then she would make use of that act of disobedience as a pretext for dismissing her, and she would certainly not consent to have anyone else in her place. Having settled this point, she closed her eyes and tried to settle herself to sleep.

But sleep would not come. The diligent little clock with its face turned to the strip of light shed by the shaded night-light, recorded, in a soft chime, half hour after half hour. With forlorn anger she reflected that every creature in the house was sleeping—she could hear nurse's even breathing close at hand—everyone except herself, who needed sleep more than anyone to enable her to get through the coming day. It did not strike her that possibly Janey also might be lying open-eyed through the long hours.

Lady Louisa's mind wandered like a sullen, miserable tramp over her past life. She told herself that all had gone wrong with her, all had cheated her from first to last. She glanced for a moment at the photograph of her husband on the mantel-piece, with his hair brushed forward over his ears. Even death had not assuaged her long-standing grievance against him. Why had he always secretly preferred his nephew Roger to his own sons? Why did he die just after their eldest son Dick came of age, and why had not he left her Hulver for her life instead of taking her to a place that she would prefer to go back to her own house, Norfolk Court, a few miles off? She had told him so, but he might have known she had never meant it. She had not wanted to go back to it. She had not gone back, though all her friends and Janey had especially wished it. She had hastily let it to Mr. Seeling, the novelist, to show that she should do exactly as she liked, and had made one of those temporary arrangements that with the old are always for life. She had moved in to the Dower House for a year, and had been in it for seven years.

Her heart swelled with anger as she thought of the conduct of her eldest son after his father's death; and yet could anyone have been a brighter, more delightful child than Dicky? But Dicky had been a source of constant anxiety to her from the day when he was nearly drowned in the mill-race at Riff to the present hour, when he was lying dying by inches, of spinal paralysis, at his aunt's house in Paris, as the result of a racing accident. What a heart-breaking record his life had been, of one folly, one insane extravagance after another! And shame had not been wanting. He had not even made a foolish marriage and left a son whom she and Janey could have taken from its mother and educated; but there was an illegitimate child—a girl—whom Roger had told her about, by a village schoolmistress, an honest woman whom Dick had seduced under promise of marriage.

Perhaps after all Lady Louisa had some grounds for feeling that everything had gone against her. Dick was dying, and her second son Harry. What of him? She was doggedly convinced that Harry was not "wanting," that "he could help it if he liked." In that case all that could be said was that he did not like. She stuck to it that his was a case of arrested development, in strenuous opposition to her husband, who had held that Harry's brain was not normal from the awful day when as a baby they first noticed that he always stared at the ceiling. Lady Louisa had fiercely convinced herself, but no one else, that it was the glitter of the old cut-glass chandelier which attracted him. But after a time even she had to own to herself, though never to others, that he had a trick of staring upwards where no chandelier was. Even now at two-and-twenty Harry furtively gazed upon the sky, and perhaps vaguely wondered why he could only do so by stealth, why that was included in the innumerable forbidden things among which he had to pick his way, and for which he was sharply reprimanded by that dread personage his mother.

Mr. Manvers on his death-bed had said to Dick in Lady Louisa's presence, "Remember, if you don't have a son, Roger ought to have Hulver. Harry is not fit."

She had never forgiven her husband for trying to denude Harry of his birthright. And to-night she felt a faint gleam of consolation in the surrounding dreariness in the thought that he had not been successful. When Dick died, Harry would certainly come in. On her last visit to Paris she had ransacked Dick's rooms at his training stable. She had gone through all his papers. She had visited his lawyers. She had satisfied herself that he had not made a will. It was all the more important, as Harry would be very rich, that Janey should take entire and personal charge of him, lest he should fall into the hands of some designing woman. That pretty French adventuress Miss Georges, who had come to live at Riff and whom Janey had made such friends with, was just the kind of person who might entangle him into marrying her. And then if Roger and Janey should eventually marry, Harry could perfectly well live with them. He must be guarded at all costs. Lady Louisa sighed. That seemed on the whole the best plan. She had looked at it all round. But Janey was frustrating it by refusing to do her part. She must fall into line. To-morrow she would send for her lawyer and alter her will once more, leaving Noyes to Harry instead of Janey, as she had done by a promise to her husband. Janey had no one but herself to thank for such a

decision. She had forced it on her mother by her obstinacy and her colossal selfishness. What had she done that she of all women should have such selfish children! Then Janey would have nothing of her own at all, and then she would be so dependent on Harry that she would have no alternative but to do her duty by him.

Lady Louisa sighed again. Her mind was made up. Janey must give way; and the nurse must be got rid of. Those were the two next things to be achieved. Then perhaps she would be suffered to rest in peace.

(To be continued.)

LIFE IN THE PEREGRINE EYRIE.—II.



F. Heatherley.

KEY TO THE ROCKS.

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AS on April 7th there was one egg in the eyrie and on the 11th there were four, it may be assumed that an egg is laid daily till the clutch is complete. On May 14th the eggs were photographed and showed no signs of chipping. Rough weather prevented our landing till May 18th, when we found four chicks. This gives, roughly, an incubation period of five weeks, which is in accordance with our notes of the two previous years. I may remark that I find works on ornithology singularly reticent over the period of incubation of many birds. The falcon flew off as we approached the eyrie and immediately started calling the alarm as she circled overhead. Her harsh cry seemed to me to be more like "aitch, aitch, aitch" than the "kek, kek, kek" of the books. I never could tell them apart when flying, but when together it is plain that the tiercel is smaller and his alarm note different and rather higher in pitch. Their flight consisted of a series of rather laboured beats followed by glides on outspread wings. The young formed a round heap like a pancake raised in the middle. Before we disturbed them there was only one head visible. They lay with their heads towards the middle and their eyes closed. When separated, they opened their weak-looking eyes languidly, but one of them snapped and bit at our fingers. Already it was possible to distinguish two males by their smaller size; these were in the centre of the heap and underneath. It would be interesting to know if in a clutch of four eggs there is any difference in size or weight. From the early appearance of this sexual difference in the chicks I should think it quite possible. The down on the chicks was thin, so that they looked a pinkish white. The general appearance of the young gives a curious suggestion of extreme old age. We found a dried turtle-dove's head in the eyrie, as well as the remains of a small bird whose

few remaining feathers suggested a ringed plover but that the legs were black.

We erected the shed on its trestles, lashing it to the rocks above by ropes fastened to a ring-bolt at each corner of the shed, keeping the young well covered up during our proceedings, which were long, toilsome and so thirst-producing that we "annexed" most of the boatman's private stock of beer. It was too rough to land on May 19th, but on the 20th I moved in with my furniture, a mattress, two pillows and a Jaeger three-blanket sleeping-bag, as well as a Thermos of hot tea for the early morning and plenty of provisions wrapped up in butter paper and packed in a tin box, as I believe in doing things comfortably. I was rather doubtful about the wisdom of erecting the shed so soon after hatching, but trusted to the parents being accustomed to interference. There was, however, no sign of the old birds on landing. Halfway up there was still no sign, and six greater black-backs sailing overhead looked ominous, but just as we were getting to the eyrie the falcon shot out, screaming. This year the inside of the shed had been painted black in aid of concealment, and at King's suggestion we made use of ladies' veils to fill up the gaps in the look-out slit, and found it better than the fishing-net we had been using. My friends left me at 12.40 p.m., and fifteen minutes later the falcon alighted silently on Rock "B," and, after peering round anxiously, dropped out of sight behind it, from which she emerged a little later and walked in a stooping attitude to the young and covered them. In settling down she tucked them in under her with her beak. As I was particularly anxious not to scare her, I waited twenty minutes before I made an exposure. She seemed quite at her ease brooding the young, and at the same time turning her head sharply in all directions as she watched what was happening seawards. When I let off the focal

plane shutter she ran off, crouching, and flew away. She came back in five minutes, and after giving her another fifteen to settle down again, I ventured a further exposure. This time she only turned her head sharply at the report, but afterwards the clicking as I cautiously wound the shutter made her more and more uneasy, until at last she got up and flew away. However, I managed to get four of her before 3 p.m. On one occasion on her return she alighted on Rock "C," which was only five feet from the camera. On another occasion she presented a fine sight. Pitching on the top of the rock behind the eyrie, she clambered down its almost vertical face with both wings extended. She was, however, very nervous, and on one occasion departed owing to a single slight cough on my part.

About fifteen minutes after her final departure the tiercel arrived with a mangled thrush. The young immediately came to life and squatted in a ring as he held the quarry under his talons and tore bits out with his beak; they whimpered, and each convulsively raised its open beak in the hope of being chosen for the red morsel he held lightly in the tip of his beak. Generally the pieces were small, and he distributed them evenly, but I was surprised to see what enormous mouthfuls of flesh and feathers they at times managed to swallow with a little struggling. He occasionally looked in my direction while I rapidly exposed three plates on the scene, and did not seem at all scared by the unavoidable noises I made. However, he must have been so, as he left after the third exposure. Nevertheless, he returned in a few minutes and continued the meal, while I made five more exposures. He gave several startling "yapps" towards the end of the meal, which meant, I knew, that the young were getting slow in taking their bits. One young female struggled some time with a leg she tried to swallow. She tried hard, but the claws remained an inch outside her beak. The tiercel rapidly swallowed the remnants and proceeded to brood the young. As he sat quite still I put the focal-plane shutter out of action, and, removing the back of the camera, fixed the silent studio shutter behind the lens, and took two of him with it. The tube leaked, but I had previously found out that a full squeeze of the ball gave, with the leak, exactly one-eighth of a second exposure. Although he frequently turned his head, each movement was generally followed by a second or more during which he was quite still, so I fired directly after he had moved his head. These head movements of the peregrine do not look so extremely rapid, but I had previously found to my cost that if they coincide with the exposure, not even one-hundredth of a second will save the image from distortion. My subsequent experience made me sorry that I had not used this shutter on the falcon.

Shortly after my last exposure the light grew very bad and heavy showers fell. About 6.30 p.m. he began to whimper and to look up to the sky. Again, shortly before 7 p.m., when the clouds broke and the setting sun began to stream in through the front of the shed, he looked up and yelped impatiently

at the falcon soaring overhead. He waited a few minutes and then got off the young carefully and flew away.

Then I did a very foolish thing. As the sun was coming in through a large gap to the left which only had a layer of net over it and so was brilliantly illuminating the inside of the shed, I thoughtlessly took advantage of the tiercel's absence to pin a piece of mackintosh over the gap, only to find the falcon standing on "B," which was six feet off. She was staring at me in alarm, and although I immediately "froze" and half-closed my eyes, the mischief was done, and after jerking her head in my direction three or four times she flew off, screaming the alarm. There was a good deal of calling between them



F. Heatherley.

STRETCHING HIMSELF.

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after this and the young began to whimper, apparently from cold. Finally, at 7.30 p.m., I was disappointed when the tiercel, not the falcon, came and brooded them for the night.

Next morning I heard the tiercel call soon after 3 a.m. and, raising my head from the pillows, saw him looking skywards as he sat brooding the young. About 4 a.m. he was calling again. This time he flew off, but returned in a few minutes to brood. The same occurred at 5 a.m., and hearing the young whimpering after his return I looked out and found he was feeding them off a thrush. The second meal started at 5.50 a.m. and lasted till 6.5 a.m.; apparently the quarry was a blackbird. In the course of their meal they swallowed nearly all the feathers except the flight and tail feathers. He gave one female



F. Heatherley.

THE FALCON BROODING.

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the rump, and when he found her in difficulties he took it back and pulled the tail feathers out for her. When he got to the intestines he snipped off pieces three or four inches long, and occasionally there was a tug-of-war if the piece was not swallowed in time to prevent another youngster seizing the free end. When, towards the end of the meal, the young became inattentive, he did a good deal of yapping, as usual. During this meal, at 6 a.m., one of the young females had a leg given to her, and for the rest of the meal she made convulsive gulps in her efforts to swallow it, but the claw and about an inch of the leg remained outside. The tiercel again swallowed the remnants, including the other leg, and then covered the young

without paying any attention to the young female with the protruding claw. He dozed at intervals, and in closing his eyes I noticed that the lower lid, yellow in colour, rose slowly and covered the eye. He never dozed for more than a few seconds at a time, even when not disturbed by the youngsters moving under him. This often happened, the chief offender being the female with the claw. She on several occasions wriggled her head out from under his breast. The last time I saw her do this was at 6.35 a.m., when the claw was still protruding. At 7 a.m. I tested the light at the back door and, finding it sufficiently good, took a series of photographs of him with the studio shutter. Whenever he dozed for more than fifteen



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TIERCEL FEEDING YOUNG FOUR DAYS OLD.

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seconds his head began to droop on his chest. Several times he sat there with his seaward eye open and his landward eye closed, but in the plate that ought to show this he apparently closed his eye just as I exposed. After dozing he partly preened himself while brooding the young. He sneezed four or five times and also yawned. Shortly after 8 a.m. he yelped and looked up as if watching the falcon overhead, then stepped off the young and, jumping on to "C," flew off. There then followed a good deal of yelping out of sight and the young began to stir and whimper; as the nearest female gaped, I saw the claw for the last time inside her mouth.

At 8.8 a.m. the tiercel brought a small bird, unidentified, and fed them. The young female with the claw stood in the back row most of the time and did not seem hungry. I saw her get a lump once, but could not be sure of more. If any little bits dropped during a meal, the tiercel carefully picked them up and presented them again. The males generally got the smallest bits, and one of them was nearly always in front of the others. I saw one young male this time get four helpings in succession. One of the young females had a leg given to her and the tiercel swallowed the other. This meal lasted from 8.8 a.m. to 8.20 a.m., after which he brooded them and it began to drizzle. At 8.40 a.m. I heard the tiercel yapping, and looking out found him engaged in feeding. As what he was using looked like scraps and I had not heard him or the falcon give the food cry, I concluded it was the remainder of



F. Heatherley.

THE YOUNG BIRDS WHEN TWO DAYS OLD.

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the 8.8 a.m. meal. He swallowed the last pieces himself, including a leg. As this would make the quarry three-legged, I expect the young female must have disgorged hers while she was being brooded. This feed only lasted two or three minutes. I had a bad bout of coughing just about this time owing to some tobacco smoke going the wrong way, but although he evidently heard me and cocked his head on one

side and looked puzzled, he was not in any way upset, for which I was sincerely grateful.

At 9 a.m. it stopped raining, but there was no sun. At 9.46 he got off the young, jumped on to "C," and flew off. I heard him wailing in the distance. This wailing is exactly like the hungry whimper of the full-fledged young, a long-drawn "Wayee," and is the food cry. Three minutes later I heard his wings close as he dropped into the eyrie with a packed and partly skinned puffin. I identified it by a leg, but saw no head. While tearing it up with his beak I could hear its bones crack and snap. Occasionally, when the lump that came away was unusually large, he swallowed it himself, which he also did when it consisted of a large piece of skin or one of the long bones. The puffin afforded more than the young required, and the tiercel ate steadily himself for the last two or three minutes, and leaving the carcase unfinished he settled down to brood the young, the meal having lasted sixteen minutes. He found it difficult to spread himself over them, and one or more showed in front as he sat. As at 10.30 a.m. the light had



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THE TIERCEL DOZING WITH HIS EYES CLOSED.

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considerably improved, I took a photograph of him with one-twenty-fifth of a second exposure, there being too much movement to make the studio shutter safe, as when he was not moving his head one of the young would be sure to be wriggling. With the fifteen-inch lens at a distance of eight feet his image measured two inches on the screen.

At 11 a.m. he looked skywards, hopped on to "C," and flew round giving the food cry, but flew down again in a few minutes without any. About 11.30 a.m. he came off the young, and jumping on to "C" began to preen himself. After a little consideration I risked scaring him, so loosened the camera screw and slowly turned the camera on to him. I found, however, that the shelf was tilted too far backward for this position, so that only the lower half of his body was on the screen. Then I found the floor of the shed littered with spare laths and other things requiring noiseless removal before the shelf frame could swing forward into a horizontal position. When all was free I found that the bar that fixed the frame in the rock had swelled and it required some time to get it out. Then, when I had noiselessly swung the shelf forward and fixed it, I found on focussing that there was a green blur all over him, which, on removing the focussing screen, resolved itself into a piece of weed dangling in front of the lens. Again I had to risk his displeasure. Putting on my gloves, I cautiously protruded the scissors and snipped the weed off. He merely stopped preening and watched the proceedings with a quizzical expression. After that it was all plain sailing, and feeling that the chance of photographing the tiercel at a distance of five feet was not an everyday occurrence, I rapidly exposed my last seven plates on him, only waiting once or twice to make sure of the focus. As he did not seem to mind, I wasted no time on being noiseless. As I had now used twenty-four plates, I was sorry I had not brought more; but never having been able to use more than six previously, I thought I had brought ample. The tiercel finished by stretching his wings—first his left, after which he turned to look at the young, then the right, and then he hopped down and brooded them till 12.15 p.m., when he flew off, calling for food. At 12.30 p.m. I heard his wings flap and saw him alight on "B." He was wet and draggled as if after a bath. Then he jumped down and brooded the young. About 12.45 p.m. he jumped on to "A," calling the food cry, and flew off.

From 1 p.m. to 1.30 p.m. the falcon seemed to be trying to make up her mind to return to the eyrie. As I had no plates I sat and watched, and so there were no signs of life in the shed to interfere with the proceedings. She several times flew into the eyrie and then jumped on to either "B" or "A," scowling and thrusting her head forward in sudden jerks, peered in all directions, and then flew off, crying the alarm. The tiercel was all the time calling to her and apparently flying from rock to rock. It was neither the alarm nor the food cry, and as I suppose that these two easily learned cries do not comprise the whole of their language, it was presumably a conversation. Once, when she was standing in the eyrie with her back to the youngsters and peering anxiously in all directions, he came down with a thump on to the roof of the shed and talked to her, as if assuring her of her perfect safety, while I kept very still, in case any unfortunate movement might alarm my gallant ally. After a few minutes I could breathe more freely, as he jumped down on to "C" and continued his speech. Then she broke her gloomy silence and seemed to be giving him a bit of her mind. She was evidently in a towering rage, and both together were making the most extraordinary sounds. She hissed and chucked and he yelped and yapped. At one time she stood there like a fury, spitting and snarling at him, her scowling head lowered, and with all her neck feathers bristling up she took half a step forward, as if for two pins she would kill him where he stood. Then both flew off. The tiercel returned in about ten minutes and stood by the young in the eyrie, but paid no attention to them. He looked annoyed and disappointed. (If some may think all this rather far-fetched, I recommend them to watch such wild birds at close quarters. I do not mean the broken-spirited wretches one sees in "zoos.") Then he raised his wings and hopped on to "C," and preened himself for twenty-two minutes in strong sunshine. I evidently missed seeing a lot while I was getting the shelf straight, but fortunately King on a subsequent occasion filled in the gaps. The tiercel shook and fluffed himself out and buried his head among his breast feathers, occasionally cocking his head round, and with a child-like expression partly due to his half-closed eyes he called to the falcon for food. Then he sneezed two or three times, scratched his nose with one claw, and lifting each talon in turn with outspread toes, he peeled bits off them with his beak. Then he brought both feet down, and raising his wings high above his head, looked at me with a "What do you think of this?" expression. Then for a long time he stood on one foot, generally the right, with the other nearly hidden among

his breast feathers, and dozed. Then, as the young began to whimper, he jumped down and brooded them with his back turned to me.

About 2.20 p.m. the falcon gave the alarm and the tiercel flew off, but returned in a few minutes, pitching on "A" and walking down it to the eyrie, where he resumed brooding. At 3.5 p.m. the falcon called the alarm and the tiercel flew off; the alarm soon ceased, and the falcon came down on to "A" and stood there a short time. She is not nearly so yellow about the breast as he is. His breast is quite creamy, whereas hers is an ashen white. The tiercel kept calling to her, but she soon flew away, and he returned to resume his brooding till 3.30 p.m., when she again called the alarm, and he, flying off, joined her in calling it, and a few minutes later the arrival of my friends brought my watch to an end.

FRANCIS HEATHERLEY.

WET DAYS FROM AN ITALIAN WINDOW.

SANTA MARGHERITA.—Thursday.—Someone down in the hall just now called it "A Scotch mist!" The raindrops running down the wires, stretched from the crooked, inconsequent-looking telegraph-post a little higher up the hill, to the insulators on the corner of the hotel, are following each other so fast that they almost form tiny rivulets. The sea, with its wonderfully changing moods, whereon I looked from my room of yesterday, is always ours in England; but the soft "allure" of these grey-clothed mountain slopes, with the monumental cypresses piercing through the billowing grey and silvery olives upwards into the blue; these warm, rose-tinted or white flat-roofed villas, with their loggias, nestling among the trees; the distant white-washed church with its towering campanile—all these can only be of the South and the land of sunshine. So I await the sun's pleasure in my little room under the eaves.

Friday.—No rain to-day, but still the soft south-east wind and the mists lie in the folds of the mountains and serve to outline each valley more distinctly in the near landscape, but shut out the marvels of the sunset where, away in the west, sharply defined against the evening glow, rises the wood-crowned height of the semaphore station, which from my window seems accessible only by the low wooded ridge, with its church and campanile, that has almost the appearance of a viaduct stretched across the valley. I love my room up on the "fourth floor back" for two reasons—first, its outlook, and secondly, its mirror! For the first time on my journeyings I have a mirror placed in a faithful light! So that I now have a tolerably accurate idea of the appearance I present to the world in general. It is not necessarily gratifying, but at any rate one is spared the shock of suddenly coming on one's presentment in a more public place and in a better illuminated mirror, and seeing defects that might have been avoided. But the primary cause of my affection for my eyrie remains its outlook—not only on the olive gardens, but on the country road which passes beneath, with always a new and generally a picturesque interest; as at this moment the passing of two carts painted a vivid light green, with deep sides as if for the transport of sheep or pigs, each drawn by two horses harnessed tandem-fashion, the leaders bearing on their crests boughs of pink almond blossom, and all with jingling bells that herald their coming and mark their progress more and more faintly along the windings of the road. I think the weather must be going to improve, for this afternoon the horses wear almond blossoms on their crests, while this morning they passed with hoods made of waterproof canvas tied over their heads, sometimes with holes made for the ears to pass through, sometimes with ear-coverings also. They cover the top of the head and part of the neck and the forehead to a line with the eyes, then, coming outside the blinkers, are tied under the chin just like an old lady's night-cap! Then there was the small cart with some half-dozen big sacks of flour or grain, the driver a picturesque boy in faded blue drill trousers, a weather-worn coat that may have been black, but has faded to green, very tight and very short in the sleeves, and a hat that must have seen the rain and shine of many seasons, while, unfurled beside him all ready for use, in magnificent incongruity, reposed an almost new umbrella with a crook handle!—so unlike the tiny ramshackle cart, the little unkempt pony with its apologetic harness, and the dilapidated driver. But there seemed no protection for the contents of the cart, whatever they may have been, and when it does rain here it is penetrating enough!

Saturday.—These wet days have considerably reduced the number of motor-cars which pass in fine weather so frequently. They are the least picturesque things that pass and repass under my window, with the whirr and strain of their powerful engines, but are not always the least interesting. They are such wonderful hill-climbers, and generally so magnificently handled, that they compel one's admiration, despite their distracting noises. Also, they serve to bring to mind the marvellous energy and power that are so rapidly developing this new Italy, where an intensely keen modernity exists side by side with a passionate veneration for the relics of its great and fascinating past. But since the rain of the last four days automobiles must "go softly," if at all. For in their present heavy condition these steep roads, winding in such sharp and frequent curves up the hillsides, are fruitful sources of skids to the unwary—but that the chauffeurs who pass my window never seem to be. On good days, while driving at a tremendous and apparently reckless pace, they appear always to have their cars well in hand, and can slacken speed instantly at need; while now, on these sticky roads, the caution of these same drivers is very noticeable. Ah! Here is the sun at last! My window has many attractions, but there are always times when one feels the limited nature of a picture that is lived with; one longs to go round that corner, to see the view beyond the crest of the hill in the background, to pass through a certain door perhaps—and here the superiority of a window-frame to that of a picture asserts itself. One can go round the corner; so, not having seen the sea for four days, and the Potentate being in possession of my balcony, I will leave my window-framed picture and seek, round the corner, for another point of view.



SIR HENRY SHIRLEY had died a recusant while his sons were but children, and they were brought up by their mother in her faith. The silver-gilt Communion cup and cover at Staunton Harold, dated 1640-41, is probably the gift of the short-lived Sir Charles. Sir Charles' brother Robert also enriched the church with the plate, all bearing the London hall-marks for 1654-55, which is described by Mr. Jackson. He became pleasantly known as "good Sir Robert," though he had but few years to earn this addition. On the death of his uncle Lord Essex, the Parliamentary General, young Shirley succeeded to a moiety of his property, including the Chartley estate. His uncle seems to have had no influence upon him, for he at once showed himself an ardent King's man. After the death of Charles he was involved in plots for the restoration of monarchy; and little as was his actual achievement, he was suspected of much and seven times imprisoned in the Tower. But what seems to have drawn down on Sir Robert the anger of the Commonwealth was his rebuilding the church of Staunton Harold, where a tablet tells us when the work was begun, and that Sir Robert's "singular praise" was "to have done the best things in ye worst times, And hoped them in the most callamitous." He died in the midst of the "callamitous times" in the Tower, before

the new age of which, in spite of the strong Shirley traditions of loyalty, he might have disapproved, leaving in his will money to be distributed among those who had lost their estates in the Royal service, and a provision for the orthodox and distressed clergy. His widow received a letter of condolence from the hand of the King in exile, and his son Robert was given portraits by Lely of the King and the Duke of York, and replicas of Lely's Hampton Court Beauties when the King enjoyed his own again. The younger Robert prospered. His mark is on the house and garden of Staunton; and he was, through his Devereux grandmother, a co-heir of the barony of Ferrers, the abeyance of which was terminated in his favour. He was in arms in 1688 for the Prince of Orange, but it was by Anne that he was created, in 1711, Viscount Camworth and Earl Ferrers. On his death, the two Ferrers titles separated, the earldom passing to his second son and heir male, the barony to his heir-general, with the inevitable accompaniment of occasional confusion between the two. He is pictured by a contemporary as "a very honest man, a lover of his country, a great improver of gardening and parking; a keen sportsman; never yet in business, but is very capable; a tall, fair man towards 60 years old." His long family of twenty-seven children is remarkable, even in those patriarchal days.





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THE FIRST EARL'S GATEWAY.

COUNTRY LIFE.



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THE LOWER DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It is not surprising that these had to be provided for, and that his son and heir, Washington, came in for but a moderate share of the paternal inheritance. In spite of this, it is recorded that the second Earl was able to keep as hospitable a house and entertained as nobly as any peer of the realm. Washington was succeeded in 1729 by his brother Henry, the ninth son of the first Earl, who was found to be of unsound mind—a fact to be considered in our judgment of his nephew Laurence, next succeeding.

The trial of Laurence, fourth Lord Ferrers, is so well known that there seems little reason for repeating the story.

He was executed on May 5th, 1760, "shaming heroes," as Walpole says, by his reasonable and resolute behaviour.

His brother, Washington Shirley, a sailor, who was made a Fellow of the Royal Society for some astronomical observations and discoveries, succeeded him, and was re-granted by the King such estates as his brother had forfeited. Before his death in 1778, he rebuilt the house of Staunton Harold by a plan of his own, selling, to do so, the family estates at Astwell, Brailsford and part of Shirley; and the alterations were nearly finished at the time of his death. His brother Robert became the sixth Earl, and from him and his younger brother Walter descend the later holders of the earldom. Of these there is little to record in the family chronicle but the uninterrupted succession of Shirleys through the nineteenth century to the present day.

Of the six lordships held by Saswale, Ettington alone remains in the hands of his descendants to-day. The possessions of the much-endowed family naturally fluctuated; now augmented by their prudent or brilliant marriages, now sold or parcelled up again, as need was. Astwell in Northamptonshire, rebuilt about the beginning of the seventeenth century by Sir George Shirley, was sold in 1770 to pay for the rebuilding of Staunton. Ragdale Old Hall, part of the great Basset inheritance, largely rebuilt by Sir Henry the second baronet, was left away from the male line in 1827. Ettington passed, not out of the family, but to the younger branch of the Shirleys. Chartley, the old moated house that Queen Elizabeth visited, part of the Devereux inheritance, was the last to go, in the early years of the present century, and is now the seat of General Congreve, of the old Staffordshire family of Congreve of Congreve. But the chief seat, Staunton, remains unbartered and unsold since the day the Shirleys acquired it by marriage with its heiress—a composit.



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AN EARLY GEORGIAN TABLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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CARVED AND PAINTED BED CORNICE, LATE XVII. CENTURY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

on which each succeeding generation has written its signature until they have almost obliterated their ancestors' mark. In the days of Francis Shirley it had "two turrets and Gothic gates at the entrance; towers and gatehouse."

The gabled buildings can still be seen in Kip and Kniff's engraving, and in a picture at Staunton taken from the same point of view. This aspect was, of course, chosen to display the new north front built by the first Lord Ferrers *à la moderne*, with its flat balustraded roof and sash windows. He could not get complete symmetry in his house, with its incongruous gables to right and left of his new block, but within the garden wall this "great improver of gardening and parking" laid out the fine formal terraced gardens of his day, well watered with fountains and with a canal that was the largest in all the county. It is probable that George London, who had laid out the neighbouring gardens at Melbourne, may have advised him; London certainly knew the gardens, and writes in 1701 to Thomas Coke of Melbourne of two visitors setting out to see gardens and plantations proposing to see "my Lord Chesterfield's, Lord Ferrers' and Duke of Devonshire's." Macky admires the noble seat and the garden with its "entertaining" statues, but this fine formality was swept away in the early years of George III.'s reign, when the walled gardens, bowling greens, hedges and terraces, canals and fountains, statuary and vases all disappeared as completely as the baseless fabric of dreams, leaving only the magnificent gatepiers, surmounted by the talbot and stag, the Shirley supporters, bearing shields, which once led on to the bowling green; and a tall, vase-topped stone gateway, with the cypher "R.F." and the date 1681, which was removed from the old north gardens to its present

position. Within the house, the very rich two-storeyed chimney-piece in the second state bedroom is of his day, with the delicate carvings of swags and drops of flowers and foliage framing the circular picture in the upper structure. The first Earl also furnished Staunton in the new manner, and much of the furniture



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BED WITH CREWEL-WORK HANGINGS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

dates from the last years of the seventeenth century. The number of cane-backed carved walnut chairs in the library, the carved stand for a cabinet of unusual pattern, the fine carved and painted cornice which finds a place, somewhat incongruously, upon a tall eighteenth century mahogany four-poster, all speak of the long ownership which stretched from the Restoration into the first George's reign.



COVERED IN CROSS-STITCH.

Derby. He is so miserably poor that I believe he cannot remove till he has some money. He has just sent him a very noble piece of work for my Lord Gore (Gower) and is further engaged in work for my Lord Chesterfield and my Lord Ferrers

There is reason to believe that the fine wrought-iron screen at Staunton Church is the work of Robert Bakewell of Derby, whose work is seen in and near Derby. In a letter preserved at Melbourne, Elizabeth Coke writes, on April 8th, 1711, to Vice-Chamberlain Coke: "Mr. Bakewell has finished your work by the arbour. He has got a shop fitting up at

has lately sent to him." The arbour at Melbourne, for which Bakewell was paid £130, is still in existence; the Staunton screen is probably of the same date, as it bears the arms and coronet of Lord Ferrers, who was created an earl in that year, and Elizabeth Coke speaks of work lately sent by him to Bakewell.



LATE XVII. CENTURY.

One is tempted to regret that the fifth Earl swept away all but the first Earl's front, to make way for the "largest and most elegant display of modern architecture in the county," making the south-east the main front, dignified by a pedimented centre of stone. The additions take the shape of a wide H, with one of its feet touching the first Earl's library and its upper members forming the wings of the south-west "Lion" front. What was demanded in the fifth Earl's day was lightness and elegance, begun as it was in 1762, when Robert Adam was at the entrance of his marvellously rapid rise in his profession, and still unfinished on the builder's death.

All that is left of that ancient house that the first Earl spared is the justice-room embedded in the new building. Its panelling is interesting with its frieze of cherubs' heads and the arcading framing the painted saints immediately below.

But Sir Robert's best memorial is the church he built in those times more fruitful in destruction than in production. Begun in his lifetime, it was not finished till 1663, but he left





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STAUNTON HAROLD CHURCH: THE FIRST EARL'S SCREEN.

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JACOBEOAN ENTRY SCREEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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STAUNTON HAROLD CHURCH: THE PAINTED CEILING. "COUNTRY LIFE."

money in his will that the work might be carried out according to the original design. The inscription on the chancel is: "Sir Robert Shirley, Baronet, founder of this Church, on whose soul God hath mercy," while the other, recounting his singular praise, may be the work of Gilbert Sheldon, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, one of his executors. The carved paneling, the painted ceiling, the fine wrought-iron gates bearing the arms of the first Earl Ferrers, together make up a rare and curious whole; and it is here and in the Ferrers aisle in Breedon Church, rather than in the house of Staunton Harold, that the earlier memorials are to be seen of "the house not needing hyperboles."

The silver-gilt Communion service belonging to the private chapel at Staunton Harold is particularly interesting in being one of the most complete sets of privately-owned altar plate of its period in England, and we owe the following description of it to the courtesy of Mr. C. J. Jackson, F.S.A. There are several well-known chalices of much earlier date than the two in this set, which were wrought by English goldsmiths in the years 1640 and 1654; but a complete silver service, consisting of a pair of Communion cups with covers, a pair of covered patens, a pair of flagons, a pair of candlesticks and an alms-dish, as here illustrated, all dating from about the middle of the seventeenth century, is extremely rare. The Communion cups, which are represented in front of the alms-dish in the illustration, and the tazza-shaped patens, which are seen one at each end of the picture, are examples of the efforts of some silversmiths in the seventeenth century to revive the Gothic features which are found in ecclesiastical plate of the fifteenth century. The stem of each cup is hexagonal, and has a faceted projecting boss at about mid-height; its spreading foot, which is also hexagonal, has at each of its angles a small terminal in the form of a winged cherub's head. The bowl is much deeper and larger than the bowls of mediæval chalices, and is furnished with a cover resembling the paten cover which was common in the Early Stewart period; but fixed on its flat top is a small orb surmounted by a Latin cross. Engraved on the front of the bowl is the figure of Our Lord, as the Good Shepherd, carrying a lamb on His shoulders. The tazza-shaped patens have shallow, circular bowls, resting on hexagonal feet like the feet of the Communion cups, and each is furnished with a cover similar to that of the cup, but much less in height. The flagons are each of the ordinary tall, cylindrical pattern of the Early Stewart period, with an outspreading moulded base, an S-shaped scroll handle, a hinged, flat-topped cover, with an

attached thumb-piece for raising it. Each of the candlesticks has a shaft of baluster pattern, supported by a tripod-shaped foot, of which each section is formed as a voluted bracket, ornamented in front with an angel's head and bust, the wings being chased on the sides, and beneath each bracket is a small shell-shaped foot for it to rest on. The alms-dish has a broad, flat rim, surrounding a deep depression, with a large raised centre-piece engraved with rays of glory enclosing the sacred monogram, a Latin cross and a heart.

a lesson—to defer the destruction policy and push forward construction. Accordingly, when four householders in the parish of Briston requested us to put into force the Housing and Town Planning Act, we immediately appointed a committee of enquiry. We desired that the committee should be as representative as possible, and on subsequent enquiries all schools of thought have been represented. These enquiries are duly announced, and the greater the attendance, the better we like it. The committee is furnished with a detailed report by the Health Officers, who have previously inspected the parish, as to number of dwellings with three bedrooms, those which have only two, and those with only one, also how many cases of overcrowding exist, and how many dwellings



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XVII. CENTURY COMMUNION PLATE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

One of the Communion cups bears the London hall-marks of the year 1640; the other cup and the rest of the service bear the hall-marks of 1654. The height of each Communion cup to the top of its cover is 15½ in., the height of each candle-stick is 18½ in., the diameter of the alms-dish is 20 in. and the height of each of the flagons is 10 in. A set of Communion plate, including a pair of candlesticks almost identical in design with those described above, but bearing the London hall-marks of 1653, forms part of the altar plate of Rochester Cathedral. J.

THE HOUSING PROBLEM

WE are indebted to Mr. Herbert A. Day for the following communication, which shows how the housing problem is being solved in a district of Norfolk.

The following account of how a Norfolk District Council is trying to solve the housing problem has been sent in by the chairman. I will only add a few details. As to the Edgefield scheme, the Council bought, under compulsory powers, twelve acres of land for £410, and built on three acres six cottages for £1,000. The inclusive interest and repayment of capital, amount to £36 a year. Rates, taxes, insurance and title are £11, repairs and other contingencies, £4; in all, £71. Against this may be set £16 10s. received as rent for the surplus land, and £42 is charged as rent for the six cottages with the land they stand on. There is a deficiency of £12 10s. to come from the parish rates. The houses at Briston and Edgefield are the same in all respects, except that at Briston they are allowed only a quarter of an acre of land and are charged 4s. a week rent, which covers all costs. They have three bedrooms measuring 12ft. by 10ft., 12ft. by 8ft. and 9ft. by 7ft. Below is a parlour 11½ft. by 10ft. and a kitchen 15½ft. by 12ft., with a small pantry. Adjoining is a road-shed, washhouse and e.c., with concrete paths. There is a keen demand for them in the parish.—HERBERT A. DAY, Norwich.

How WE DID IT IN ERPINGHAM.

Our first effort was a failure. We began by trying to close the worst dwellings in our district; but we met a rebuff from the Local Government Board, who decided against our closing order at Buntton. They said that though the building was not ideal, it could not be designated as insanitary. This incident taught us

are unfit for habitation, how many can be restored, and how many ought to be demolished. This information gives the committee a general idea of the situation. We are especially pleased if the owners of the houses attend the enquiry, as on many occasions good results have ensued by a friendly discussion. We invite applications for new cottages, making special note of applicant's family—how long he has resided in the parish, if working in the parish, his present rental, and what he would be prepared to give for a good cottage and garden. We also endeavour to ascertain whether there is, generally speaking, a scarcity of labour in the parish or whether many live inside and work outside. Let me say here that it is of benefit to both employer and employed that the distance between the work and the dwelling should be as short as possible. At Briston we found a demand for houses, though many of the men work just outside the border, at the Melton Railway Works.

Our next move was to decide upon building plans and our policy. So we invited plans for a pair of cottages, which should give a maximum of convenience with a minimum cost of erection and upkeep. A sub-committee of practical men, mostly builders, were appointed and a certain plan chosen. We prefer the building of pairs rather than the erection of rows of six or eight, as the small

gain in money is largely neutralised by social considerations. As to our policy, we agreed to move slowly but surely, to under-build rather than over-build, to supply only where there was an obvious need of more cottages, and to charge an economic rent where one could be reasonably expected; but in purely agricultural areas we charge such a rent as will not unduly burden either the occupier or the ratepayers, and make the deficit a parish charge; to this the sanction of the Local Government Board has already been obtained. Our reasons for emphasising the charge as being made local rather than general are these: Housing is essentially a sanitary question, and the question of special charges for special benefits in certain areas which benefit therefrom runs quite through the Public Health Acts. If a certain area benefits from the erection of cottages, that area should pay the deficit, if any. Again, our district area is a very straggling one, with very diverse conditions; part is rural, part is semi-rural and part of it is urban. It is in the rural part of our district where the housing conditions are the worst, and the semi-rural and urban parts are, owing to other improvements in sanitation, much more heavily rated. Then, again, there are many parishes where the landlords have done good service in supplying



GROUND FLOOR PLAN OF STAUNTON HAROLD.

cottages, and it would be both unwise and unjust to charge these people with the expense of putting up cottages in the villages where the owners are in fault. It is in the open parishes where we find the worst accommodation. When we approached the Edgefield case, it was patent that a different rent would have

to be charged than at Briston, though at Briston we give a quarter-acre plot for the house and garden and at Edgefield a half-acre plot for the house and garden. The Melton Railway workers are glad to take the Briston houses at 4s. a week, whereas the Edgefield houses are needed for agricultural and general labourers. Then came the crucial point, what rent can you charge which will be a fair adjustment between the occupiers and the ratepayers. We decided to go to the irreducible minimum at once, and have offered the six cottages to the agricultural and general labourers of Edgefield at a yearly rent of £7 per annum free of rates. One shilling is to be paid weekly, the balance after harvest. By some means the London papers got hold of the news that we were building cottages and giving half-acre gardens for £7 per annum, and we have been bombarded with applications from all over the country for these houses. Even an applicant from Ireland would be prepared to come to Norfolk if he could have one. Each of these houses let at £7 a year will mean a charge to the rates of about £2 per annum. Though it is not quite pleasant to have this charge fall upon the rates, we have been told by some of our keenest business men that they would rather

pay 2d. in the pound more in the shape of rates for good houses than for any other thing. Other parishes besides Briston and Edgefield have been noticed, and we are awaiting the sanction of the Local Government Board for purchase of land at Baconsthorpe. Enquiries have also been held at Beckham, Plumstead and Gresham. Let me emphasise another side of the housing question—the necessary repairs and alterations to existing cottages. Owners are given every opportunity to do these; but if they do not comply with the demands of the Health Officers in six months, we shall step in and do the necessary repairs and charge the property with the cost thereof. That the housing of the country-side is deficient—sometimes in quantity, sometimes in quality, sometimes in both—and that a serviceable measure is required to alter this state of things no sane person will deny. That the Housing and Town Planning Act is useful is perfectly obvious. That the change from bad to good housing conditions cannot be effected in a short time is equally apparent. Therefore it behoves district councils to work and act patiently, intelligently and earnestly.—J. H. BUGDEN (Chairman of the Erpingham Rural District Council, Norfolk).

IN THE GARDEN.

PLANTING THE HARDY WATER-LILIES.

IN those gardens where comparatively still water exists there are few more interesting operations during the spring months than the planting of hardy Water-lilies or Nymphæas. To those who only know the family by the white-flowered British species, beautiful though it is, the many lovely, gloriously-coloured hybrids that are now obtainable will come as a

There are, however, a few essentials to success. Almost still water is necessary, as also is a sunny position. If a partial or permanent shade, the flowers do not open freely, and consequently much of their beauty is not revealed to the observer. Shelter from strong winds should also be aimed at. I know of few plants that look more miserable when tossed about by boisterous winds, and often considerable damage is thus caused to the large leaves,



BOLD GROUPS OF HARDY WATER-LILIES.

pleasant and interesting surprise. Sufficiently hardy to withstand our ordinary winters with impunity, and embracing varieties suitable for deep and shallow water, these comparatively new Water-lilies hold possibilities that the average gardener of to-day does not make the most of. For adding charm to the tiny pool or more majestic lake they have no peer, and as they are not difficult to cultivate, if not actually to perfection, at least to a high degree, we may reasonably expect in a few years' time to find them much more widely grown than they are at present.

which, when well preserved, are in many instances second only in beauty to the flowers themselves. Then the grouping of the plants needs some little care. Generally speaking, formality should be avoided like the plague; a water garden must, above all else, be informal, or as Nature herself would have it; hence the straight row of plants seen in the accompanying illustration, well grown though they are, can scarcely be said to exhibit that informal grouping that one has in mind as being so desirable.

Undoubtedly the best time of the year to plant these Water-lilies, and, incidentally, to divide any that need it, is from the

middle of April until about the third week in May. At that time new growths begin to get active and the plants quickly establish themselves in their new quarters and, consequently, receive the least possible check. Whether or not an established plant needs lifting and dividing is a question that must be determined on the spot. If a plant has obviously become overgrown and congested, as exemplified by crowded leaves and stems and few flowers, then such a course is necessary and desirable, but with a great many of the newer hybrids such measures are seldom called for. So long as a plant is healthy and producing each year a reasonable quantity of good flowers, it is a golden rule to leave it well alone. When division is done, a strong crown and some roots should be secured to each portion, a sharp knife being used to cut through the thick tuberous-like rhizome that is characteristic of many varieties.

Reverting to the actual planting. Having determined the depth it is desirable to submerge the plants, this ranging from eighteen inches to about six feet, according to the variety, some preparation of soil, and receptacles for the plants, must be attended to. Mr. James Hudson, V.M.H., the well-known head-gardener

at Gunnersbury House, who grows these Water-lilies better than anyone else I know, uses strawberry punnets for the small plants that are usually received from the nursery, and the large wicker sieves or nursery rounds for plants of more ample dimensions. These, in the course of a year or two, decay, but meanwhile the roots have been able to find their way through the wicker-work, and the plants are therefore by that time quite able to take care of themselves. So far as soil is concerned, one cannot do better than give Mr. Hudson's recipe, which is as follows: A layer of decayed leaves is first placed over the bottom of the basket, then some broken-up turfy loam of good quality, with some road-scrappings added, and into this the Water-lilies are planted and tied so that they cannot escape while the baskets are being submerged.

There are now a great many varieties obtainable, some with yellow flowers, others with varying shades of red, and others again with blush pink blossoms. All are beautiful and hardy, and names with descriptions can be obtained from any good catalogue of hardy plants for spring planting.

F. W. H.

BERNARD VAN ORLEY'S CARTOONS.

THIS contemporary of Raphael and Dürer still lived at a period when the products of Flemish and French *lisseurs* were considered far more precious than any creations by a Van Eyck or Michael Angelo. In those days Master Albrecht considered himself fortunate to receive an Angel piece for a portrait, and Bernard van Orley was esteemed most fortunate because his patroness, Archduchess Margaret, Regent of the Netherlands, paid him for his masterly likeness of Charles V., and a number of other Royal portraits, at the rate of two florins per square foot. Compare

his birth or of his parentage, Master Bernard was, in any case, quite a young man still when the Regent thus honoured the talented pupil of Raphael. When Dürer visited Brussels in 1521, van Orley was already a famous painter, whose portrait Dürer twice painted, and at whose prodigal hospitality the simple Nürnberg artist evinced great surprise. The feast which van Orley gave in Dürer's honour, the latter describes in his diary, "must have cost him at the very least ten florins," for which sum one could buy then three fat oxen. And when Dürer was honoured with the commission to paint the



FIG. 1. STAG-HUNTING.

this to the price of two thousand francs which it cost to produce one square yard of good *haute lisse* tapestry without even counting the cost of the material, and we obtain a ready scale by which we can reckon the relative money value of tapestry and paintings. Considering that it took a skilled *lisseur* a full twelve months to produce this square yard, the enormous sums paid for the creations of Tournai, Arras, Paris or Brussels looms, supervised by a Wilhelm Geubels, Peter van Aelst, or Guillaume Pannemaker, need not surprise one. And, similarly, we can easily realise what a great compliment it was considered when some Royal patron was induced to order from some rising painter cartoons after which these precious arras hangings were manufactured.

It was some months before the unexpected death of her father, the great Imperial Nimrod, Emperor Maximilian (1519), that the afore-mentioned Archduchess Margaret appointed Bernard van Orley her Court painter. And though very few of his earlier works have come down to us, and, as we have already had occasion to remark in these pages (COUNTRY LIFE of June 29th, 1912), we lack definite information as to the year of

King of Denmark's portrait, for which he subsequently received the Royal fee of thirty florins, and his supply of oils had come to an end, it is from van Orley that he borrowed the needful colours, and even obtained the assistance of his young apprentice, Bartholomew Coninxloo, a kinsman of van Orley, to grind his paints and prepare his brushes. Unfortunately, no information has come down to us at what period Archduchess Margaret commissioned van Orley to design the cartoons which are the subject of these lines, but it was probably soon after her father's death that the idea of thus immortalising his feats first presented itself to her. More of a portrait-painter than versed in the pursuits of sportsmen, it was probably van Orley's talent to group his figures picturesquely which caused the Regent to select him for this responsible duty. There are a few technical touches about van Orley's designs which suggest that Dürer, than whom few artists knew more about Maximilian's life, had assisted him. To two we have already alluded, viz., the characteristic shape of the Emperor's head-dress and of his wild-boar sword. And if the word *Spero*, embroidered on the saddle-cloth of the lady in Fig. 4 in the recent article, can be



FIG. 2. WILD-BOAR-HUNTING WITH HOUNDS WEARING ARMOUR.

regarded as identifying the rider as the Emperor's first wife, Mary of Burgundy, we can take it that the personages van Orley was ordered to depict belonged to a period about which Dürer knew a good deal more than he could have done. However

this may be, these cartoons give us a life-like picture of the sport enjoyed by Maximilian within easy ride of his Netherland capital, for the forest of Soigne stretched away almost from the gates of Brussels for many miles towards the sea. Dotted



FIG. 3. HOW WILD BOAR WERE SINGED.



FIG. 4. TAKING THE STAG IN THE POND AT THE CHATEAU OF BOITSFORT.

about in these vast woods were snug shooting-lodges and handily situated monasteries and nuns' retreats, hidden away in sylvan solitudes, where Maximilian and his hungry crew did not hesitate to take refuge. Stocked with all kinds of big game, it was one

of the finest Royal preserves in existence; so it is no wonder that the restless "Last Knight," who practically lived in the saddle, as his itineraries show, visited the rich heritage brought to him by Mary of Burgundy rather oftener than was required



FIG. 5. THE HUNT BREAKFAST IN THE TIME OF MAXIMILIAN.

for political reasons. Dürer might have given the young painter a lesson in drawing red deer and their antlers, about which van Orley, as his cartoon (Fig. 1) shows, knew very little. In the same picture we notice another inaccuracy, viz., two lymers crossing each other's paths while they were following one and the same stag, which was, of course, contrary to all laws of venery, and would unquestionably have resulted in a battle royal between the rivals. Other designs depict how wild boar were hunted, the best hounds being protected by armour, and how the slain boar was singed at an open fire, a function not quite as easy as it sounds or looks. In the background we observe an official presenting with bended knee the boar's head to Maximilian, the fact that wild boar were hunted only in the cold season being marked by the skating that is going on on the moat round the little hunting castle, which is none other than Ten Vueren. Van Orley, as several pen-and-ink corrections in his drawings show, sought to be as accurate as he could. These alterations in one case are of value, for they prove that the picture must have been drawn originally in or before the year 1525.

The taking of the stag in the castle pond depicts the château of Boitsfort in the background, built years before by

Fig. 6, our last cartoon, depicts the concluding scene of the day's hunt—the *curée*, so called because it was served on the fleshy side of the dead hart's skin or *cuir*. This custom, or rather ceremony, of rewarding the hungry pack as near as possible to the final scene prevailed also in Britain. Twice, the chief huntsman of Edward II., admonishes his readers six hundred years ago to reward the hounds with the neck, bowels and the liver of the stag they have taken. "It is to be eaten *sur le cuir* (or leather), and it is called the *quyrraye*," as he spells the word in his quaint old Norman French. When the hare was hunted it was called the hallow. Preceding the *curée* the stag had to be broken up according to strict rules of venery, and princes and nobles took a pride in being able to perform this butcher's work daintily without having to turn up their sleeves or staining their garments with gore. After the skinning was done and before the breaking up was commenced the performer, be it prince or lowly bermer, got a drink of wine, "and he must drinke a good harty draught; for if he should break up the deer before he drinke the Venen would stink and putrifie," as Turbervile carefully notes.

In the background in the cartoon (Fig. 6) we see a man raising a forked pole upon which certain tit-bits of the stag's



FIG. 6. THE CUREE, OR REWARDING OF THE HOUNDS.

the ancient sovereigns of Brabant. The stalwart youth whose shoulders are so lovingly encircled by fair arms is probably meant to be Maximilian himself, the huntress being in that case Mary of Burgundy; but this must remain a mere guess.

Fig. 5, the cartoon depicting the *al fresco* hunt breakfast, brings home to us that, if van Orley could not draw a stag, he could do full justice to stalwart men, and was a master at drawing shapely legs. The two lusty youths of Michael Angelo stature in the foreground are evidently discussing the happenings at the festive board. Did we not know that Bluff Harry never got so far as Brussels, one might easily come to the conclusion that the sportsman so heatedly discussing matters with Maximilian (for the man with the cap is almost certainly intended to be the Emperor) was meant to be Henry VIII. of England. In those days the hunt breakfast always preceded the day's work, and it was only in the following century that men began to realise that as hounds and horses grew faster and open ground took the place of the vast woods and dense coverts, a heavy meal and long drinks did not tend to assist sport on a hot summer's day, for stag-hunting went on from spring to autumn.

intestines were placed so as to be kept as a sort of dessert for the hounds. This was called "giving them the *forhu*," and was accompanied with cries of "Tally ho!" or "Tiel haut," or "Lau, Lau." Probably our term of giving the hounds the holloa was derived from this custom, which had for its object to rally the hounds round the huntsman.

We really know very little about these twelve cartoons. They are now treasured in the Louvre, where are also the exquisite panels woven at Brussels in or after 1528 by Geubel's men. It is not often that the vicissitudes of four centuries have permitted the cartoons and the tapestry woven after them to be preserved under one and the same roof, for in the old days it was the custom of the trade that the cartoons became the property of the *lisseurs*, and were retained by them. But for this circumstance we should not possess to-day Raphael's famous cartoons, for Rubens would not have seen them in the Netherlands (the tapestry went to Rome), and Charles I. acting upon his advice, would not have had the opportunity of acquiring them. No doubt Charles V.'s palace in Brussels contained much relating to van Orley's designs; if so, all perished in the great fire that destroyed the building in the eighteenth century. Mary, widowed Queen of Hungary—her husband had

fallen in the Battle of Mohacz against the Turks—was even a greater huntress than her aunt, whom she succeeded as Regent in 1530. It was she who responded to Mary Tudor's request for some wild boar venison to grace her Coronation board by sending post-haste—which meant six days—her lieutenant of the Royal venery specially to London to present a prime six year old wild boar to her kinswomen. Roger Ascham, who met her one day returning to Tongres from a hunting expedition, tells us that although it was her tenth day in the saddle, she was galloping far ahead of her suite. Summing up what he saw and heard of this great huntress, he declares her to be "a virago who is never so well as when she is flinging on horseback and hunting all the night long." She was able to undo a hart

as well and as speedily as any professional, and her ladies-in-waiting before they entered her service had to demonstrate to her satisfaction their capacity to mount their steeds without any help, and to be familiar with all the hunting terms. Falconry was in her eyes too effeminate a sport, and she relegated it to her old age, when the hardships of stag-hunting became too severe. That van Orley in drawing his cartoons, and Master Geubel's men in translating them on their *hautes lisses*, had in Regent Margaret and Regent Mary two exigent mistresses goes without saying, and we can therefore consider these cartoons and the Louvre panels are on the whole truthful pictures of sport as it was then enjoyed.

WILLIAM A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

MR. HENRY JAMES does everything in his own way, and his piece of autobiography, *A Small Boy and Others* (Macmillan), is unique. The original aim, he tells us, was "to place together some particulars of the early life of William James"; but the gate of his remembrance having once been opened, a flood poured forth. To one reader at least it made of constant recurrence the phrase "bathed in the moonlight of memory." For in that soft illumination the novelist lays bare his storehouse. Other writers of their own biography, or other people's, have sought chiefly for facts and anecdotes. Indeed, the typical modern biography is the most facile, the most slipshod of literary compositions. You study it most easily from the index. Who were the illustrious contemporaries of the subject? Look up their names, and, behold, the essence is extracted from the bulky volume. A bulky volume it is sure to be, everybody of note that can be dragged in, even if it be by the heels, figuring in its pages, and letters endless, pointless, dull, "bumbasting" it all out. Far otherwise is the method of Mr. James. He has no index, and if he had you quickly recognise it would be of no use. Here is no book to skim but one to be read or missed. Nor is it written in a popular or easy style. Mr. James employs the style of expression that comes natural to him, and it is in its way as "mannered" as that of Thomas Carlyle. It is a style that has been vilely imitated, and in our opinion it is far from being a good style—always rambling and often careless—phrases are used often with a disregard for accuracy and precision. "Of that ilk" is an example. The merit of it is, in the first and most important place, genuineness, it offers no assumed virtue, no pretence, no "side." As you prefer the utterance of a sincere man, even though marred by some defect, such as a lisp, a stutter, a bad accent, to the most perfect intonation which does not give the impression of sincerity, so with its imperfections the style of Mr. James is gladly accepted. And who faces the initial difficulty will obtain his reward. For in spite of lapses and stammerings and hesitations and discursiveness, the moonlight of memory falls on a young figure moving in scenes of an unexpected charm, and with welcome frequency the narration rises into a natural eloquence born of imagination, sensitiveness and emotion. Mr. James seeks to cover not the historical facts and dates, but the small boy's outlook and spiritual growth.

Told by anyone else, the story could never have been so attractive. New York in the fifties does not at a first glance look like an alluring place in which to spend a boyhood, and, at any rate, the incidents narrated are of the mildest description. The family lived out of the Yankee hustle, and the members of it might, as far as their lives go, have been a branch of the smaller English aristocracy. There is no tragic, no very comic incident to record. The father was one of the happy few who are driven neither by circumstance nor temperament into a picturesque struggle. He had not even a picturesque home. Had they been poorer, the element of gipsydom in their character might have been more accentuated. They had at least the Bohemian love of change. The boys never had time to get really attached to a house, because they seem to have been ever removing. Of governesses and schoolmasters they had a long procession; one, by the by, was afterwards the tutor of R. L. Stevenson. They were made cosmopolitan by learning to be at home in several different countries. Education was not attacked in a business-like manner. As the Scotch say, it "siped" in. But how refreshing to meet in the Land of the Dollar, and at a time when the dollar threatened to become paramount in every land, one who does not indeed glory in being no worshipper at the common shrine, but who dwells utterly apart from it! When the commercialisation of the world is complete, there will be no room for men like Henry James. The most charming feature of his story is his account of a little

unworldly clan in New York itself. Out of memory he has evoked a procession of the nicest aunts and uncles to be met with in literature, and by means of his ancient art he is able to give us their full acquaintance, almost their intimate friendship. Perhaps he is even too bountiful, so that he leaves no *lacuna* for the imagination of the reader to fill. With it all he is apprising us of that wider education which he is receiving from his early experiences of the theatre, the picture gallery, the book store and, last but not least, the shop window. The one thing wanting here is a green lane. By an accident in early life his father's walking powers were curtailed, and so the education of Henry James was essentially that of the street. His walks were street walks, his interests were town interests.

In the case of a novelist it is almost impossible to avoid asking what his first reading consisted of, and Mr. James answers the enquiry in his own way. In his childhood Thackeray and Dickens were at their highest vogue. The latter seems to have been almost everything to him at one time, and he still speaks of him as one of the greatest. Of Thackeray he has one or two amusing anecdotes to tell. When the novelist was over lecturing on the English humorists—but we must let Mr. James tell his own story:

Still present to me is the voice proceeding from my father's library, in which some glimpse of me hovering, at an opening of the door, in passage or on staircase, prompted him to the formidable words: "Come here, little boy, and show me your extraordinary jacket!" My sense of my jacket became from that hour a heavy one—further enriched as my vision is by my shyness of posture before the seated, the celebrated visitor, who struck me, in the sunny light of the animated room, as enormously big and who, though he laid on my shoulder the hand of benevolence, bent on my native costume the spectacles of wonder. I was to know later on why he had been so amused and why, after asking me if this were the common uniform of my age and class, he remarked that in England, were I to go there, I should be addressed as "Buttons."

They were to meet again in Paris during the spring of 1857:

Our youngest was beside him, a small sister, then not quite in her eighth year, and arrayed apparently after the fashion of the period and place; and the tradition lingered long of his having suddenly laid his hand on her little flounced person and exclaimed with ludicrous horror: "Crinoline?—I was suspecting it! So young and so depraved!"

Emerson he met, and Nathaniel Hawthorne gave him strong meat after the lighter class of English novels which he had been consuming; but he has no tale of omnivorous reading to set forth. Here, as in all his æsthetic development, he is more intent on recovering the impression than on narrating the fact. These things cannot be represented by extract, and it would be unfair to the book to attempt it. The more readily do we give this up because of a wonderful description of London in the middle of the nineteenth century, which shows what a very different book Mr. James might have written if he had chosen to keep his eye fixed on the material objects and leave the rest to the imagination of the reader:

The London people had for themselves, at the same time, an exuberance of type; we found it in particular a world of costume, often of very odd costume—the most intimate notes of which were the postmen in the frock-coats of military red and their black beaver hats; the milk-women, in hats that often emulated these, in little shawls and strange short, full frocks, revealing enormous boots, with their pails swung from their shoulders on wooden yokes; the inveterate footmen hooked behind the coaches of the rich, frequently in pairs and carrying staves, together with the mounted and belted grooms without the attendance of whom riders, of whichever sex—and riders then were much more numerous—almost never went forth. The range of character, on the other hand, reached rather dreadfully down; there were embodied and exemplified "horrors" in the streets beside which any present exhibition is pale, and I well remember the almost terrified sense of their salience produced in me a couple of years later, on the occasion of a flying return from the Continent with my father, by a long, an interminable drive westward from the London Bridge railway-station. It was a soft June evening with a lingering light and swarming crowds, as they then seemed to me, of figures reminding me of George Cruikshank's Artful Dodger and his Bill Sikes and his Nancy, only with the bigger brutality of life, which pressed upon the cab, the early-Victorian four-wheeler, as we jogged over the Bridge, and cropped up in more and more gas-lit patches

for all our course, culminating, somewhere far to the west, in the vivid picture, framed by the cab-window, of a woman reeling backward as a man felled her to the ground with a blow in the face. The London view at large had, in fact, more than a Cruikshank, there still survived in it quite a Hogarth, side—which I had, of course, then no name for, but which I was so sharply to recognise on coming back years later that it fixed for me the veracity of the great pictorial chronicler.

BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

The Land of Zinj, being an account of British East Africa, its ancient history and present inhabitants, by Captain C. H. Stigand. (Constable.) NO author can present facts and fancies as they appear to the mind of the native so well as Captain Stigand, for in so far as the European mind can assimilate that which is essentially Eastern he thoroughly understands it. He states in his preface that he has tried "to draw pictures of the country and its inhabitants as much as possible from the native point of view rather than from that of the white man. That is to say, I have tried to see the native as much as possible as he is before contact with the European has changed his habits." The first portion of the book deals with the ancient history of British East Africa compiled from Arab, Portuguese, Swahili and other sources. Pate, or the Lamu Archipelago, is generally acknowledged as the birthplace of Swahili. The Arabic portion of the language has remained the same, but during the past thousand years or so there have been no less than three different forms of the Bantu part. Pate, by the way, has more interesting remains and more history to show for itself than any part of the archipelago. The author remarks what a pity it is that practically all the exercises, grammars and treatises on Swahili have been written in Roman characters. It seems absurd, as he points out, to learn the language, primarily to talk to the Swahili himself, in characters which the native does not use, the student consequently being unable to read Swahili writing or books. Native shipping, the coast belt, the Uganda Railway, the Masai, the Kikuyu, Kenya and the Victoria Nyanza are well described. There are some sound remarks on the folly of building wide, open streets in the East, such as are found in Calcutta and Bombay, which are shadeless and only inflict a bad headache on the European. Captain Stigand's descriptions of the country are excellent, but he is at his best when dealing with the native himself. He writes with unflinching humour and elucidates with a vividness which is given to few white men the working of the native mind. His idea of the manner in which a native should be treated impresses one by its justice and sanity. There is no loose rhapsodising over "our poor black brother," but clear, direct decision. Dealing with the Masai, a description is given of Dick's death. He

is the only white man killed by this tribe. The book is full of information of inestimable value to a resident in the country, while Chapter XIX. and Chapter XX., on "The African and his Future," should be read by everyone. Sport is only touched upon incidentally, though the probable bag of a hard-working hunter near the coast belt is given. There are an excellent map, a table for the pronunciation of native words, a glossary, and a number of photographs. It is always a pleasure to read Captain Stigand on any subject connected with Africa. The present volume enhances his reputation, and no one bound for East Africa should fail to include it in his baggage.

HEDGEROW AND WOODLAND TREES.

Trees and How They Grow, by G. Clarke Nuttall, B.Sc., with 186 photographs by the Author and 15 autochromes by H. Essenhigh Corke, F.R.P.S. (Cassell.)

FROM time immemorial we have, as a nation, had a passionate love of trees as picturesque objects in a landscape, although it is really surprising how comparatively few of us can distinguish by name many of the common trees to be found along the roadsides and in the woodlands. Of late years, however, many books have been published with the special object of educating the public in this respect; and the frequent appearance of new books of this special kind shows that such works seem to be much appreciated. Messrs. Cassell have made rather a speciality of such "Nature books," the chief of these being Professor Percy Groom's "Trees and Their Life-histories"; but this latest work by Mr. Nuttall is a small and handy volume, which well deserves to win popular favour. The information given is conveyed in a pleasant manner, and not in any wearisome didactic form. There are no tabular keys for distinguishing the different kinds of trees, and the trees are not dealt with according to their botanical relationships, but in the approximate order of their flowering during the spring and summer months. Thus hazel, elm, yew, larch, willow, and alder are first described, and horse chestnut, Scots pine, elder, lime, and sweet chestnut last of all, the total number of trees dealt with being twenty-two, each in a separate chapter. The plan generally adopted for each tree is to describe the germination of the seed and the early stages in the growth of the young plant, the winter buds on the tree and their opening in spring, the leaves, the flowers and the fruits, and the general appearance of the tree in summer and in winter, while the text is profusely illustrated with very beautiful photographs. But apart from such descriptive parts each chapter is enlivened and made more interesting by quaint quotations from old works like Evelyn's "Sylva" and Gerard's "Herball," and from the poems of Herrick, Wordsworth, Keats, Swinburne and others.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

IT is possible to have too much of a good thing. One halved match between Oxford and Cambridge is thrilling enough, and nobody grumbled at Sandwich last year; but when there comes another in the very next year, the thing becomes a bore, and we begin to wonder whether it would not be wise to have nine men a side instead of eight, and play each match out to a finish so as to ensure a definite result. It

was not only the result which made last week's match at Hoylake just a little dull and disappointing. The play was not, it must be admitted, quite up to the mark. With sixteen young gentlemen, most of whom have been "teethed on a golf club," we do not perhaps expect to see a meticulous accuracy, a too rigid carefulness—indeed, we would rather not—but we do expect to see pleasant, natural, slashing styles. In fact, however, we saw but three or four

really graceful players, who looked as if they had been bred in good golfing schools; the others had odd stances and grips and swings, which ought to belong to those who begin the game with pain and grief in middle age. I do not think

this impolite criticism proceeds merely from a jaundiced and malicious mind. When one has once played in a particular match, it is, I know, so nice and easy to look on and abuse other people without being put to the proof; but on this occasion nearly all those golfers who form the most distinguished ornaments of Hoylake were of the same opinion, that both the play and the style of play were disappointing, and that the rubber-cored ball, that lends



W. F. C. McCLURE, (OXFORD.)



C. GARDINER-HILL
The Cambridge Captain



R. B. VINCENT (CAMBRIDGE) DRIVING FROM THE ELEVENTH TEE.

itself to being propelled anyhow or nohow, had a good deal to do with it.

The best golf, as far as looks were concerned, was certainly played by Oxford. Mr. McClure and Mr. Tennant are both Scotsmen, and vaunt the fact of that glorious origin in every movement of the club. Mr. McClure's is a particularly delightful style, so easy and smooth and graceful, and yet with plenty of power—power that would, I think, be still further increased if he did not lean back quite so much and had more of his weight forward. Mr. McClure, after standing six up at one time on Mr. Yerburch, suffered something of a collapse, and only won in the end by 2 and 1; but his 37 home in the morning—over Hoylake at full stretch with a strong breeze blowing—showed the stuff he was made of. Besides these two, Mr. Forrester, the captain, has in many of his shots the appearance of a good player, though, in fact, on this occasion he played extremely badly. When one first sees him waggling in the distance, one rubs one's eyes and thinks that Mr. "Jim" Robertson-Durham has returned to undergraduate life, so closely has Mr. Forrester copied that formidable manner of address. In the actual stroke the resemblance is not so marked, and Mr. Forrester has not Mr. Robertson-Durham's length; but he can hit the ball a good free blow, and no doubt we were far from seeing the best of him last week.

Neither, for that matter, did we see the best of his conqueror, Mr. Gardiner-Hill, the Cambridge captain. Mr. Gardiner-Hill seemed to be inclined to jerk all his shots, and was not coming through with the stroke with the confidence and freedom that was so noticeable last year. Still, he won the match, and it was not in one sense an easy match to win, because both players were probably a little demoralised by their own mistakes and by the crowd looking at them. It was the kind of match

in which it is difficult for the player to take himself, so to speak, by the scruff of the neck and compel himself to be steady. Mr. Gardiner-Hill did that just at the critical moment in the second round, and fully deserved to win. The best golf for Cambridge was almost certainly played by Mr. Humphries, who is a strong, eminently natural golfer who hits at the ball "like a kicking horse." Mr. Humphries is one of those golfers whom it is easy to criticise when one is looking on. When one is playing against him, one probably devotes more time to wishing that he did not hit so far and so straight. He is a golfer of methods far from ideal, but with great possibilities. As to the other Cambridge men, I liked best the play of Mr. Richardson, who occupied, as it seemed, the unduly humble position of eighth. He has a good upstanding, natural way of hitting, and the air of a determined fighter who is likely to win more matches than lose them.

Hoylake made, as usual, an admirable battlefield. The greens were good without being easy—I do not know when the Hoylake greens are easy—and the south-east wind that blew gave the player any number of sufficiently difficult shots. One hole was particularly interesting, namely, the famous seventh, the "Dowie." There seems to be something in the undergraduate mind which is incapable of grasping the fact that if there is a strong wind blowing against you at the Dowie it is no good taking the same club with which you played so perfect a shot when the wind was with you. At least, this is not the first year in which I have seen this venerable hole make its young assailants look rather foolish.

B. D.



R. M. JOBSON (OXFORD) APPROACHING THE TENTH GREEN.

AN ANSWER OF THE RULES OF GOLF COMMITTEE IN MARCH.

PERHAPS the most interesting of the answers to questions given by the Rules of Golf Committee during March is the reply to the Wigan Golf Club, which had submitted the following point: "In a stroke competition a competitor

lifted up the disc on the teeing ground while making his tee shot, and then replaced it. The ball was teed within the limits of the teeing ground. Does the competitor incur any penalty?" Now, it often happens to most of us—humanity being, as a rule, of impatient stuff—to find the tee-marking disc interfering with our stance as we come up to address the already teed ball, and to kick the disc aside with the toe of the boot, or otherwise, to give us a good stance and evade the trouble of teeing the ball again. It sometimes even happens that when we address the ball with one foot almost touching the disc, the turn of the foot in the swing pulls out the disc, quite by accident. When we purposely pull out the disc for our greater convenience, it is always perhaps with a little doubt at the back of our mind whether we are doing precisely the correct thing; but we know no rule against it, and certainly we should think it very hard if we were obliged to pay any penalty for the accidental removal of the disc during the act of swinging. This attitude is, on the whole, just that which the answer of the Rules Committee indicates to be theirs also; for they reply: "There is no rule under which the competitor can be penalised. As he appears to have replaced the disc in the exact position from which he lifted it, he did not alter the limits of the teeing ground for the competitors who followed him. The action of the competitor was most irregular, and should be discouraged by the Wigan Golf Club." No doubt that is a good answer, and perhaps it is the only possible one. No breach of law was committed, but the act was irregular, and hints to that effect should be given.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MIGRANTS EN ROUTE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On March 31st during the crossing from Ostend to Dover, I was considerably interested in the numbers of migratory birds which were to be seen. Rather on the French side of the Channel a couple of thrushes passed, flying very strongly. Soon afterwards a solitary redwing came alongside and accompanied us for, I should think, close on thirty miles. Time and again it made as though to light on the steamer, but always sheered off nervously. At times it went perilously near the surface of the water, but recovered itself just in time. A pair of starlings had no difficulty in keeping up with us, and even soared for some time in quite masterly fashion. One at least rested on our boat for a time. A pair of chaffinches did not show the same nervousness of the ship. After a few reconnoitring flights they lighted on the top deck, where they hopped about fearlessly, picking up crumbs in a very bedraggled state, for it was raining heavily all through. One of these birds left only as the boat was being brought to her moorings, and even then was reluctant to go; but most of the migrants left the ship half-a-dozen miles from land. For a time a large flock of chaffinches kept near us, though flying at a considerable height. I noted what appeared to be a Sandwich tern, and about four miles off Ostend we passed through enormous numbers of what seemed to be scaup, but the birds did not allow themselves to be approached. We must have seen over a thousand. We passed a number of immature divers which did not take wing until obliged to do so, and then skimmed heavily over the water, hitting themselves on the crest of a wave more than once. Near mid-Channel a few gannets were seen, and one could clearly observe the position of their wings when diving. The wings are not, as is generally supposed, closed, but are held firmly against the sides in a half-open position in order to enable the bird to use them under water. I may mention that the wind was light to moderate from north of east during the crossing.—SETON GORDON.

AN EASTER CAMP IN THE SNOW-BOUND WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The subject of the enclosed photograph represents camping under conditions not often met with at Easter, even in the Western Highlands of Scotland. The snow in places was four and five feet deep—quite firm and hard. We camped directly under Ben More, and the ascent up the snow-covered mountain was gloriously invigorating.



DETERMINED HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

Despite the fact that the rain poured and the wind blew a hurricane the whole of the first evening, neither the snow nor the tent showed any signs of its effect.—GRAHAM DALLAS.

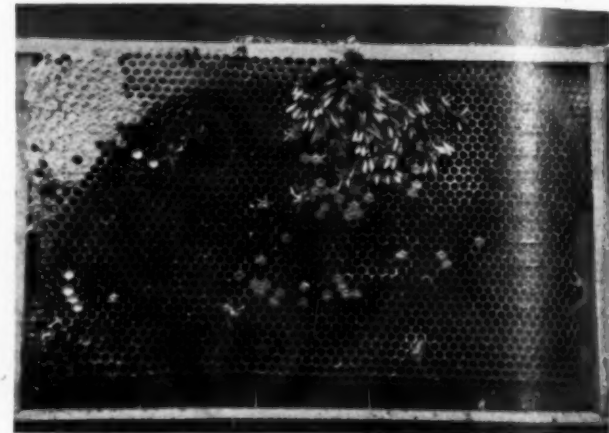
ISLE OF WIGHT DISEASE IN BEES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A hive of bees, after finishing a season's work, were shut down for the winter and fed as usual on prepared candy. Early in the year they were observed

THE PROBLEM OF TURF ON THE RIVIERA.

The world is growing very old, yet there seem to be a few problems left which it has not solved, and among them is that of growing any decent turf for the golf greens and the lawn tennis courts of the Riviera. The lawn tennis people have not indeed solved the problem, but they have dodged it by making rubble courts instead of lawns. The golf authorities have not been reduced to that semi-tropical expedient. They struggle with their turf manfully, but with only tolerable success, and they treat grass rather as a not altogether hardy annual than as a perennial thing. That is to say that they will often dig up all that is left of it, and replant the whole green for play in the ensuing season. Whether or no this is the best possible way in the circumstances is rather a vexed question on that *cote d'azur*, and it hardly seems as if they had arrived at any conclusion yet. They are still in the experimental stage, but the point for them to consider is whether they have not collected a sufficient body of facts out of these experiments, and ought not to be drawing some useful deduction as to the really best way of dealing with the greens in the conditions of their climate. It is quite certain that the conditions are tricky. There is the very hot sun in summer—we all know what that can be. What we perhaps do not so well realise is how severe the winter frost can be on that sunny coast. Often a night of frost would be followed by the scorching of a hot sun, within a few hours, with the result of turning all the surface of the ground into a pulpy state. This perhaps is not so much the trouble as the excessive dryness in summer. H. G. H.



DEAD BEES STILL CLUSTERING ROUND THE DEAD QUEEN.

bees contracted the disease in such a short space of time is a mystery, but it serves to show how rapid are its effects.—W. A. WOOD.

THE GATEWAY AT STAUNTON HAROLD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The illustration in your issue of April 5th showing "The First Earl's Garden Gateway" at Staunton Harold seemed strangely familiar to me, and on looking through my old books I find a plate giving it in a little book entitled "Vignola, or the Compleat Architect," etc., "set forth by Mr. James Barozzio of Vignola," "translated into English by Joseph Moxon," and dated 1655. The chief difference is that the plate has a semi-circular arch, but the proportions are the same; the rusticated pilasters, the side trusses, the attic with the carved panel of eagles and swag and the curious flattened pediment are all there. It would be interesting to know whether the gateway was erected from this pattern-book or the plate cribbed from the gateway.—W. B. COLTHURST.

A SMALL FISHPOND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be greatly obliged if any of your readers could give me some advice as to the care of fish—gold-fish, carp and minnows—in a garden pond. They are all contracting a disease which takes the form of a white fungus-like growth, and I have tried treating them by immersion in Condy's Fluid with added water, but have failed to cure any of them. The pond was constructed last October, and is lined with cement with a layer of loose Bedford sand, and the fish were put in about a month after its completion. It is about fourteen feet long by about six feet wide, with a depth of about eighteen inches, and is supplied from the main, the water in which is derived from the chalk. The pond has been practically emptied and refilled twice since completion. I should also mention that there are some water-lilies and water-weeds growing in it.—W. F.

[The chief fault is that the pond is too clean and shallow. If fish—particularly gold-fish—are exposed continually to a bright light, the fungus of which you speak is bound to appear. To provide the necessary shade put in two or three drain pipes, lying on their sides, and the fish will take refuge in them. If one end of the pond could be deepened another foot, both the gold-fish and carp would appreciate it. Do not clean the pond out any more, but on bright days turn on the water for about five minutes. Do this about once a week until

the weather is much warmer, then do it more frequently, till in the hot weather it may be done every day at intervals. It would have been better not to put in the fish at all until this month, as they are rather susceptible to change, particularly in cold weather, and then to have started with the minnows by way of an experiment. The lilies, when well grown, will provide a summer shade, but the fish require it in winter likewise, and if you did not mind the unsightliness, a few boards laid over one end of the pool, in addition to the drain pipes, would, with the weekly aeration, help to mend matters considerably.—Ed.]

HARE'S CHANGE OF COLOUR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps the accompanying picture may be suitable for COUNTRY LIFE. The hares changed colour at the beginning of the winter before the snow came, and the photograph shows one crouching in a "form" on some ploughed land. They were very conspicuous and easily found. By using horses as screens it was possible to get quite close sometimes.—H. H. PITTMAN.

SEALYHAM TERRIERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It might interest your readers to see the accompanying photograph of my



"SPORTING LITTLE PEOPLE."

Sealyham terriers—sporting little people, considering they are only five weeks old.—ALICE MARTINEAU.

THE EARLY SWALLOW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to "C. W. N." on March 15th having seen a swallow hawking for insects on March 8th, I have also seen one on or about March 31st; there was only one bird, and I am sure it was a swallow. In my case it was nearly on the top of the Mendips, and was not sheltered from cold winds or bad weather by anything at all. Do you think this bird has wintered on our coasts or is a solitary bird returning for the summer months?—B. R. T.

A JANUARY BUTTERFLY IN CANADA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph and letter have been forwarded to me by a friend in Canada into whose house the butterfly flew. He has asked me to send them to COUNTRY LIFE, which I have taken for a great many



HARE IN WINTER COAT.

years, and frequently send out to Canada, where it is exceedingly appreciated.—M. V. BARKER-MILL.

[We show this interesting photograph with pleasure. Mr. C. J. S. Bethune, of the Department of Entomology and Zoology, writes of the butterfly: "I am much obliged to you for sending me the photograph of the butterfly that flew into your neighbour's house during the mild days at the end of January. The butterfly is called the tiger swallow-tail, and is not usually seen except at the end of May and during the month of June, coming out about the time the lilacs are in bloom. I have never before heard of one of these butterflies making its appearance in the winter. There are three or four other butterflies which pass the winter in the perfect winged stage and sometimes make their appearance, revived by the warmth of a building, but they are entirely different from the swallow-tail."—Ed.]



THE EARLY VISITOR.

FOSSILS AND PREHISTORIC REMAINS IN GRAVEL PITS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—With reference to the letter

in COUNTRY LIFE about clay, flint and gravel pits, I am sure that in this district alone a wealth of knowledge of the past is being lost, especially during the winter months, when the pits are mostly worked. Only last winter I saw a fine tooth, though broken in half, at the Drellingre Pit, and have heard of teeth being found at Alkham and Lydden. Also some great bones were shown in Dover, found on Swingfield Minnis. Enclosed is a photograph of what I noted at Ripple—four saucer-shaped spaces filled with calcined flints and burnt wood, about five feet across and eighteen inches deep. Lower down this valley worked flints and several large urns have been found. If you think the photograph of sufficient interest to reproduce, I should be pleased for you to do so. Perhaps someone could throw light on these curious remains.—E. G. AMOS, Dover.

[Our correspondent's letter and photograph are of very considerable interest. We suggest that all specimens of bones and teeth found in this neighbourhood should be sent, with full details, to the Keeper of the Geological Department of the British Museum of Natural History at South Kensington.—Ed.]



CALCINED FLINTS.

WINTER FISHING IN SWEDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph, taken recently in Sweden, which illustrates the method in which the Swedish fishermen carry on their pursuit during the winter months. A series of holes of about eight inches in diameter are broken in the ice (which is often over two feet thick) and baited hooks are dropped in. Every morning the fisherman skates round his lines; he takes a sledge with him in which he carries all his bait, hooks and kit, and whereon he places his catch. He examines his hooks and re-baits those that have been taken, and in this way a great variety of fish are caught. The ones in the accompanying photograph are a kind of pike, which seem to abound in the lakes and fiords round Stockholm.—NANCE JARVIS.

FROGS SPENDING THE WINTER AS TADPOLES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With regard to the interesting letters which have appeared in recent numbers of COUNTRY LIFE on the subject of frogs passing the winter as tadpoles, I would like to point out that, there being two species of frogs in England, it is quite possible that the tadpoles in question might have been those of the edible frog (*Rana esculenta*) and not of the common frog (*Rana temporaria*). Of course, it seems improbable that the specimens mentioned by Mr. Bolam, which were found in Yorkshire, should have belonged to the edible species, as it is usually only found in the neighbourhood of the Broads of Norfolk; but, at the same time, it is not impossible, because great numbers of these frogs are annually sold for the purpose of turning them down in private grounds on account of their musical croaking. It is a known fact that the tadpoles of the edible frog take longer to develop than those of its common relative; this fact is believed to account for the species still remaining rare in spite of frequent importations, as our short summers, followed by early frosts, do not give the tadpoles time to develop. The fact of the extraordinary size of the tadpoles as given by Mr. Bolam also points in this direction. I think that it is just possible that in some cases at least this may be the solution of the problem.—DAPHNE MITFORD.

HOP-PICKERS' WAGE-TALLIES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—As hardly anything has yet been written on the subject of hop-pickers' wage-tallies, perhaps a short notice may be welcome to your readers. Without doubt the primitive method of keeping accounts in the hop gardens consisted in the use of wooden tallies, and this method, although now apparently wholly discontinued in Sussex, survived up to comparatively recent times. The appearance of the later tallies of this kind will be readily understood from the three specimens shown in the first illustration. A strip of soft wood some twelve inches long and one and a-half inches wide was sawn down the middle lengthwise for four-fifths of the total length. One of the pieces was then cut away by means of a chisel and given to the



HOP TALLIES.



INSPECTING HIS LINES.

"hopper" as his portion, the remainder being retained by the farmer. The amount of the farmer's indebtedness was indicated in the following manner:



METAL TOKENS USED BY HOP-PICKERS.

The hopper took his portion to the tally-man, who placed it alongside the corresponding half and made a notch with a triangular file along one edge for each five bushels of hops picked. As both portions of the tally bore a common number, it was easy for the tally-man to find the counterpart of any brought to him. The portions kept by the tally-man were threaded on a string and hung round his neck. It is obvious that neither party could steal a march on the other. If the picker made notches on his own account, the discrepancy would be at once disclosed when the two halves were placed in juxtaposition. While, on the other hand, the tally-man could not very well obliterate the notches on his portion to minimise his indebtedness. For amounts less than five bushels the hopper received a metal disc stamped with a number corresponding with the number of bushels picked. In time the tallies proper were abandoned and the discs only were used. Although these latter are really tokens, they were—and are—invariably called tallies in Sussex. They are mostly of lead, but brass, zinc, pewter and tin

were also employed. They vary considerably in size, and many of them are manifestly of home manufacture. Square, octagonal and triangular varieties are known, but by far the greater number are circular. The earlier examples usually bear, on the obverse, some such device as a hare or a fleur-de-lys (cf. Nos. 7 and 9), the reverse being generally quite plain. Despite their archaic appearance, I doubt whether the oldest here figured (Nos. 7, 9 and 12) can be assigned to an earlier period than the seventeenth century. Nos. 1 to 6 may be pretty safely ascribed to the succeeding century. No. 11, bearing the word "drain" in reversed letters, is pierced through the centre to enable it to be strung with others and slung over the neck. The later tokens bear figures denoting bushels, also the name or initials of the farmer, and sometimes the name of the farm. In their turn the metal tokens have become obsolete, and at the present time the hoppers are supplied with small books wherein to record quantities. During the last few years I have collected a large and representative series of tallies and tokens for the Hastings Museum.—W. REES BUTTERFIELD.

HARNESSING THE STREAM TO TURN THE GRINDSTONE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A Cumberland farmer of an ingenious turn of mind with a mechanical bent has constructed a miniature water-wheel turned by an adjoining stream. By means of a band of webbing this wheel supplies motive-power to the grindstone, which saves two people having to be employed to grind knives, implements and tools—a great saving of labour.—M. C. FAIR



AN INGENIOUS DEVICE TO SAVE LABOUR.

April



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